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# FRANK LESLIE'S ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER



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"They shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning-hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more."—ISAIAH ii., 4.

FRANK LESLIE'S  
ILLUSTRATED NEWSPAPER,  
537 PEARL STREET, NEW YORK.  
FRANK LESLIE, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

NEW YORK, MAY 25, 1872.

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SPECIAL NOTICE TO THE LADIES.

FRANK LESLIE'S

Lady's Journal.

The next issue of FRANK LESLIE'S JOURNAL will contain a number of glorious literary treats. A new and intensely interesting serial, entitled "Rendered a Recompense," will be begun. It will prove one of the most fascinating works of fiction yet offered to the readers of the JOURNAL.

"St. Marcus's Choice," a brilliant narrative, will be completed in that edition of the JOURNAL, and Annie Thomas's beautiful novel, "Without Reaproach," will be resumed in the same number.

On the whole, No. 29 of FRANK LESLIE'S JOURNAL will be one of the most charming publications ever presented to the public. A large variety of

BEAUTIFUL FASHION DESIGNS

will be offered, in addition to numerous other illustrations, executed in the highest style of art.

OURSELVES.

WE believe our readers will consider that we may manifest a pardonable pride in recalling to their recollection the fact that this journal was one of the pioneers of the Reform movement, which has since ripened into the unparalleled popular demonstration at Cincinnati, which is to give the next President to this country.

As early as last November we commenced the series of Cartoons from the now famous pencil of Matt. Morgan, showing Grant and his Administration in their true characters, and indicating in our editorial columns the absolute necessity for Reform, and the overthrow of the military despotism at Washington.

Finding all warning in vain, on the last day of the Old Year we opened our batteries, and declared war on this corrupt Administration in a leading editorial, loudly calling for the formation of a National Reform Party as a necessity.

The Missouri movement was the first gun fired in response to our call, and our readers know how vigorously this paper has ever since sustained the great cause of Deliverance and Liberty, both with pen and pencil.

If constantly increasing circulation be the test of the popularity of the cause, and the indorsement of the course we have deemed it our duty to pursue, then has the popular verdict been most emphatically expressed in this instance.

There never has been a period in the successful career of this journal where the unmistakable indication of popular appreciation and popular favor has been manifested to such an extent as within the last three months, and "the cry is, still they come."

Had the result been otherwise we should not have complained, but we cannot refrain from this expression of our gratification, both at the success of the great movement we helped to initiate, and the people's indorsement of our course.

Stimulated and encouraged by the substantial proofs of support and approval we have received, we shall continue the war we have commenced, under the patriotic banner-bearers just selected at Cincinnati, until the campaign closes, as we believe it will, in the utter rout and ruin of the allied army of Grant's office-holders and spoils-men, now encamped at Washington.

THE "CROWNING GLORY!"

A YEAR ago, when what is best known as the "Alabama Convention" between the United States and Great Britain was concluded, and while the "High Joints" were nodding complacently to each other across

banquet-tables innumerable, we were told that their work was not only the most auspicious achievement of the age, but the "crowning glory of the Administration." It was in vain that we, in common with others, insisted that it settled nothing; that it was a bald sham, a mutual trick, and that it would result in more evil than it professed to cure, and leave the relations between the United States and Great Britain in a more unsatisfactory, not to say critical, state than they were before these pompous but insincere negotiations began.

A year has hardly elapsed, and what do we see? All the cumbersome machinery set in motion by the "Joint High Commission" at a dead lock, and the two Governments that were to go serenely to slumber in locked arms, jibing and mousing at each other, and indulging in recriminating epithets hardly euphemistic for humbug and swindler. Bad faith, deception, trickery and fraud are openly alleged, and the American Government is called to "back square down" on its pretensions as to what constituted the "crowning glory" of the Administration.

Not only that, but to plead guilty to the accusation that it juggled and was insincere in a matter claiming to fall within the highest international statesmanship!

And the Administration of General Grant has groveled in the dust of the street to satisfy the demands of Great Britain. But that is not enough; it is called upon to wallow in the very gutter of humiliation. It was not enough that General Grant should stultify himself and insult the manhood of his countrymen, by inserting in the American Case conditions and pretensions on which he did not propose to insist, and in the validity of which he did not believe. Detected, like a sniveling schoolboy he pleads that "he didn't mean anything by it"—is willing to give up "construction" and "incidental" damages, if only Great Britain will kindly go on with the arbitration. Anything to save the "crowning glory" of the Administration—anything to keep up the hollow sham of a great international adjudication until—the election is over! Anything to keep this soap-bubble iridescent until after November. We doubt if it can be done. Sooner or later the sham will be fully exposed, the bubble will burst, and the American people will stand astounded at the revelation of low cunning, chicanery and cowardice practiced and perpetrated in their name.

And this is Administration diplomacy! A difference wrought into a quarrel; cicatrized ill-feeling made an open, festering wound; cautious confidence converted into open distrust; slow-growing friendship changed into undisguised hate.

The "crowning glory" indeed!

THE COLORED VOTE.

A N important element in the coming Presidential election will be the colored vote, which can control absolutely at least two of the Southern States, and hold the balance of power in several others. This is on the supposition of that vote being cast as a unit, or going in solid phalanx one way or the other. But such would be an erroneous idea, for the discords and divisions in the colored wing of the Republican Party are as great as among their paler brethren.

Symptoms of revolt and mutiny are showing themselves everywhere throughout the South, and the rule of General Grant and the carpet-baggers over the new voters seems well-nigh past.

Betrayed and disappointed, thrown only an occasional bone or a stray crumb from the spoils of their former masters by the "thieving carpet-baggers," and getting cold comfort from General Grant, who has barely tolerated their race, it is no wonder that the colored voter is in rebellion against the Philadelphia packed convention.

As compared with the white voters of the country, the colored voters number 800,000 to 5,500,000, say a fraction less than a seventh part, yet divided and distributed in such a way as to make them more available than their relative numbers would indicate.

Thus the great bulk of this vote is to be found concentrated in the Cotton States, and the electoral votes of these, in combination with the Western vote and that of the two great Middle States, will elect a President.

This colored wing certainly holds the casting vote in the Republican Party, and they know it, and seem determined to be properly represented in the Government.

This is very natural, and the legitimate result of the Fifteenth Amendment and the professions so liberally made as to their perfect political equality with their bleached brethren.

But we have also witnessed another curious phenomenon in the dissatisfaction of the colored race with the Grant Administration, which has been profuse only of promises to them. Since the schism of their great apostle, Charles Sumner, the withdrawal of his powerful support from the Administration, the eyes and hearts of the colored voters have both been turned toward their old friend, and from their new one; and even the convention

called in New Orleans to sustain Grant was eulogistic of his enemies.

In several of the Southern States to-day, where the colored men hold the balance of power, as in Alabama and Georgia, they have cast their weight into the scale against the Administration. Indeed, we believe there are but two States where they have not done this thing, viz.: in South Carolina and Mississippi; and even in the latter the Administration candidate for Governor was beaten.

Hence the same result may confidently be calculated on in the coming Presidential canvass, and we may count on the colored vote, with but few exceptions, as sustaining the Cincinnati, not the Philadelphia ticket.

The colored man knows his true and disinterested from his pretended friends, and will not desert Horace Greeley, Charles Sumner, and the old Free Soil leaders, for bastard Republicans like Grant and Murphy, and their followers, who were only seventh-hour converts to the great doctrine of the equality of man.

Among the unexpected results of the next election will be the great rising, in favor of the Liberal Republican ticket, of the colored class of voters, over whom Grant still thinks he can flourish his slave-driver's whip.

GEORGE THE THIRD AND GENERAL GRANT.

T HE London Times, in assailing Sir Charles Dilke for his resolution of inquiry into the Queen's expenditure, makes a statement which suggests a curious comparison. Here it is:

"All educated Englishmen know, and the classes hitherto uneducated are beginning to realize, that it is not Monarchy, but Government, that is an expensive institution. . . . Sir Erskine May describes how meanly George III. lived, with a Civil List of £800,000, swelled by other sources of revenue to above a million, because places and pensions distributed among a Court party absorbed what ought to have maintained the state of the monarch. Yet he was constantly in debt."

Now, the contrast suggested is this: that our so-called republican President, with a salary not equivalent to £5,000 per annum, and no Civil List at all, properly speaking, has yet contrived to enrich himself and his relatives; and, instead of being "constantly in debt," as George III. was, coming into office a poor man, at the close of three years' service finds himself possessed of property valued at nearly \$300,000, outside of his savings from his annual pay.

The schedule of this property is thus summed up—viz.: \$100,000 donated to him by the merchants of New York; a house in Philadelphia, \$40,000, rented now at \$2,400 per year; 640 acres of land near St. Louis, purchased, with all improvements, at less than \$50,000; one-fourth of 120 acres of land situated near Chicago, \$5,000; \$5,000 stock in the Michigan Iron Company; his Long Branch residence, \$30,000; a small amount in Adams Express, railroad shares, contingent interest in Seneca Stone, and other investments unknown.

So, after all, it would seem that republican rulers get better pay than hereditary monarchs. But it is not to be imagined from this that the amounts set down comprise all that General Grant has cost the country during those three years. Quite the reverse; for no President and no Monarch ever made more liberal provision for relatives and friends than our present Chief Magistrate.

In confirmation of this, we cite the bold challenge of the Tribune to the Times, which thus plainly puts the case about the royal family of our ruler:

"We charge that General Grant has in three years appointed to office more persons related to himself and his family than all our former Presidents did in their eighty years of administration. And we are confident, but do not charge, that the emoluments which have accrued to General Grant's relatives have exceeded those realized by all the relatives of our preceding Presidents during their respective terms of office.

The provision for friends and the Military Ring has not been so directly made; but the recent revelations in the Santo Domingo and Custom House investigations, not to mention the French Arms and Seneca Stone jobs, prove how profitable the friendship of a republican ruler can be.

Liberality is an excellent and an attractive quality when it is exercised at the expense of the individual; but by no means so praiseworthy or honorable when secretly wrung from the spoliation of an overtaxed and plundered people.

REDUCTION OF THE DEBT.

NEXT to the "crowning glory" of the wretched and despised "Alabama Convention," is the "glory" claimed for General Grant and his Administration for reducing the public debt. It has been reduced, we are glad to say, and hope that we shall have a steady annual reduction henceforth—not through exorbitant taxation on a generation which has borne the brunt of the late war, and spent its blood and its treasure with equal alacrity, but by a judicious distribution of the financial burden through the future, when, by

the development of the country and increase of population, the weight will become lighter with every year.

Well, the debt has been reduced by several hundreds of millions during the Administration of General Grant.

But what of it? It only proves that, with all the extravagances of, and despite all the frauds that have been perpetrated under that Administration, the revenue of the country was enough to cover them all, and leave something over. Now, to what purpose, under heaven, could that something over, whether a million or a hundred millions, be applied, except toward the payment of the late war debt?

Are we to shout, "Great is Grant!" because he did not waste or steal the surplus?

The heavily-taxed American people, and not Grant, reduced the debt—no thanks to the Administration!

GENEROSITY IN JOURNALISM.

WE do not know when we have seen a more generous tribute paid to the enterprise of a rival journal by another than was contained in the Tribune's notice of the Herald's African Expedition, recently.

This recognition of the enterprise and energy of its competitor, and the success which has crowned it in the finding of the great African explorer, Livingstone, by the Herald's agent, Stanley, marks "a new departure" in our city journalism, which we are happy to record.

The Herald has certainly had great triumphs in "carrying the war into Africa," for if we mistake not, its special correspondent first gave the English and American Press the news of the defeat and death of King Theodore of Abyssinia. Now it gives us the more welcome tidings that a great explorer, in whose fate the whole civilized world feels an interest, still lives, to give us the rich fruits of his geographical discoveries.

In an extended notice of the facts connected with the search after the explorers, the Tribune thus concludes with the merited compliment to its rival:

"It is most creditable to American liberality and enterprise that the editor of the New York Herald resolved, from his own ample resources, to attempt the solution of this question. A correspondent already somewhat familiar with African travel was selected for this important and arduous service, and an expedition was fitted out upon a generous scale, which started from Zanzibar a year ago, and, if the present good news should prove to be true, has at last accomplished a perfect and signal success.

"The world of science will wait with impatience for the enormous contribution to geographical knowledge which Dr. Livingstone will bring back with him, and the Press of America and of Europe will offer its cordial congratulations to the New York Herald upon this most brilliant achievement—the merited reward of its energy and enterprise."

PRINCESSES AS MILLINERS.

D R. DORAN wrote a book on "Monarchs Retired from Business," but it has been reserved for the last French Revolution to convert princesses into milliners. In the advertising column of a London journal we find an advertisement, in the French language, announcing that the Princess Pierre Bonaparte had opened a millinery establishment, *Magasins des Modes*, at 17 Bond Street, in that city, and solicited the patronage of the fair ladies of the English aristocracy.

An editorial notice in the same journal refers to the fact, and states the reason to be the poverty of the Princess, and the urgent need of her doing something to support her children.

This lady is the wife of the Prince Pierre Bonaparte, whose chief notoriety has arisen from his killing the Parisian journalist Victor Noir, an incident which probably precipitated the downfall of the Empire, by exasperating popular feeling.

He was an officer of the army, but has been a poor relation of the Emperor for a long time, and dependent on the pension granted him while the latter had control of the public purse. He is afflicted not only with this, and the other evil of a very bad temper, but a martyr to the gout also.

His marriage with his mistress, the mother of his children, who was a woman of obscure position, greatly offended his imperial relatives when it took place, shortly after his trial; and it is more than probable that they give him and his the cold shoulder now.

The Empress still keeps up her mimic court at Chiselhurst, but, not despising economies, has recently advertised her jewels for sale, and they are now on exhibition at a London jeweler's. But the poverty of the imperial pair is of that comparative kind which is very comfortable, for the diamonds alone are worth several hundred thousand pounds sterling, not to mention "nest eggs" which have been securely put away.

We need not condole with them; but our admiration and sympathy are due to the brave woman who has the true pride which prefers independence to dependence, and who bravely scoffs and prejudice in converting her misfortunes, and the historic name she bears, into a support for herself and her family.

As the old monks used to say, "Work is worship," and the Princess Bonaparte, who is not ashamed to work in the only way open to her, sets a worthy example to many of the descendants of the noble families of France who grudged her admission into their charmed circle.

After the old French Revolution, the banished and beggared French émigrés turned their hands to any work which would give them a living, and utilized their accomplishments, such as dancing and music, for that purpose.

No right-minded man ever thought the worse of them for honestly earning their bread; and no right-minded woman should do otherwise than sympathize with this princess, who, in her sore strait, has resorted to this means of supporting herself and family.

This age of ours, full of strange and startling contrasts as it is, has offered few spectacles more instructive than that of the sudden fall of this Bonaparte family, which has filled so large a space in the history of the last century.

But it may be doubted which of the two—the Empress keeping up the fiction of royalty in an English country house, or the Princess Pierre Bonaparte in her *Magasin des Modes* in Bond Street—will be the happier or the more respected woman.

In the meantime the telegraph tells us that President Thiers is holding "brilliant receptions" at the Palace of the Elysée, once the "Elysée Bonaparte," and is extending princely attentions to the Princess Nellie Grant.

We take the liberty of printing an extract below from a private letter of a gentleman of Indiana, a leading citizen of that State, who has held distinguished positions at home and abroad, and who was a delegate to the Cincinnati Convention. It will be remembered that on the sixth ballot for President in that Convention, Indiana, which had before cast a divided vote, suddenly declared solidly for Greeley. And then the stampede began. The letter from which we quote is only a type of hundreds of others coming to our hands.

"I arrived at home safely, and better than all else, found my friends indorsing our action in the nomination of Mr. Greeley. This indorsement is not confined simply to that class who are dissatisfied with the present Administration, but to the large proportion of the Democracy of my immediate section. There is no doubt that, with a few days' reflection, the great mass of the country will concede that the nomination was the best that could have been made, taking into consideration all the circumstances surrounding a candidate in the coming campaign. As to the Convention, there never was a grander success. What you and I agreed upon at the beginning, turned up all right at the last moment, and I am very glad that we did not wait for another ballot before we cast our vote (that of Indiana) for Mr. Greeley. We hit it just at the right time—it was the turning-point in the Convention. I am now, more than ever, satisfied that we could not have carried Mr. Adams, notwithstanding his conceded and acknowledged merits, and although I was much abused for the part I took in this matter, I felt, and still feel, that Mr. Greeley is the author, father and founder of the Republican Party, and I can assure you that his political progeny in the West will not "go back" on him. I trust that your journey home was a pleasant one, and that you are more than ever impressed with the conviction that our nominations could not have been exceeded."

MR. JENNINGS, the editor and controlling spirit of the New York *Times*, although we believe he is an unnaturalized Englishman, has yet realized better "the situation" than many of the Administration organ-grinders of American birth and education. He appreciates the formidable character of the Cincinnati movement, and cries out: "Cannot they [the Cincinnati leaders], and those who sympathize with them, be attracted again to the Republican party?" On this the *Sun* very aptly remarks: "Of course they can. The way to do it is easy. Let the Philadelphia Convention nominate Horace Greeley for President, and B. Gratz Brown for Vice-President, and adopt the noble platform of Cincinnati, and the thing will be done."

## LETTERS FROM JUNIUS.

No. VII.

HORACE GREELEY—THE NEW NATION.

THE nomination at Cincinnati is what I wished for, but hardly expected. It pleases me, because it is so American all over. Let me explain the above remark. From 1839 to 1872 (from Harrison's day to Grant's, inclusive) I have been a witness of every Whig and Republican National Convention. I saw the brilliant and popular party lead, Clay, put aside for General Harrison, in the house of their common friends. Next, General Taylor was preferred by a Convention even over those party chieftains Clay and Webster. Mr. Lincoln, in the same way, was promoted over the party leader, W. H. Seward. General Grant was in no line of promotion except the military line. His nomination for the Presidency was a mere semi-military necessity of the times, and as such he was accepted for the exigency without opposition. He is now actually forced before us, as the founder of a proposed dynasty, by a Military Ring, and by the rude, selfish machinery of office-holders. General Grant, therefore, is not logically in my enumeration of Republican National Conventions.

Now, we have had a National Convention of Republicans, representing a constituency of the people in all of our States and Territories, called to reform

gigantic abuses in the Civil Service (which the Philadelphia Convention want to perpetuate), and to harmonize the whole country on the basis of National Reconstruction. It begins its good work logically. The sentiment of the masses bursts through the old and dangerous office-holders' machinery, which has packed the Philadelphia Convention that is called for next June, and called only to register a decree of King Grant for the perpetuation of his military dynasty. Thus, at the outset, the Cincinnati Convention strikes at the *abuses of the Caucus System*. This Convention met to restore National harmony, through Amnesty, and Reform in the Civil Service, by such exalted independence of party as shall lift the future of America out of the pit of mere party. It refers the vexed tariff question back to the people for their decision, through instructions to their members of Congress. It enlarges the borders of the Republican Party, and makes that party eminently National by inviting all citizens of each section, and of whatever party antecedents, to come and stand upon its broad and inspiring Republican platform. It proclaims oblivion to all the wrangles and horrors of the past. Over these it drops the curtain for ever and for ever. It accepts the situation. It reaffirms the Reconstruction Acts of Congress. It endorses all the Constitutional Amendments.

In short, the Cincinnati Convention, in a high sense, inaugurates the birth of a *NEW NATION*, which, true to American traditions, is now struggling to restore the just independence of the States and the rightful authority of the Federal Government, as these are interpreted and adjudicated by the result of the rebellion. With past issues this Convention had nothing to do, except to harmonize or to obliterate such—wipe out the odious and discordant of the past—remember only our glorious traditions, the Reconstruction Amendments and the spirit of the American Constitution, as reflected in the Declaration of Independence—found and cement our American Union more broadly and closer than ever.

This is the mission of the Liberal and Reform Republicans, as declared in the Declaration of Principles, on which they ground their hopes, as proclaimed to the American People from Cincinnati, in their Address and Platform, which constitute, in fact, a new Declaration of Independence.

In view of the popular judgment, as displayed in its preference for Harrison, Taylor and Lincoln, as contrasted with the popular admiration of Clay, Webster and Seward, when these latter shining lights were put aside in convention to make way for the true public favorites—I say, in view of these precedents, nothing could be more logical and natural than that Horace Greeley should be selected to head this movement, where the people go ahead of the politicians, and mean business. Horace Greeley has long been a household word, a word associated with ability, industry, honesty and philanthropy. A self-made man, not an hour of his adult life has been wasted. He has written more useful matter, more practical wisdom, than any man who now survives among us. He has lectured and spoken more to the masses, and on such home-topics as benefit and interest them, than has any living American. Indeed, he is, what he has been called, "The Later Franklin." His example is full of good, and without a speck of evil.

He is the father of the Republican Party. He worked nobly and unselfishly in its ranks. Never has he been heard to obtrude selfish claims for office, either personal or for a clique of friends. He has been associated with no Ring. He has nobly labored in the body of the party, always advancing firm, independent and moderate views; so that, from his zeal to limit Slavery, down to his conservatism just before the surrender of Lee, and his fraternal utterances toward the South since the war ended, his whole course has been that of a consistent American statesman and truly loyal man, as contrasted with that of a fanatic, an agitator, a bigot, or a factious partisan sectionalist. If war must come, because of the vexed question about Slavery in the Territories, Mr. Greeley said, let it come. Wage it to the uttermost. Get rid of the evil of Slavery for ever. Settle the authority of the Federal power for ever. Amplify the Constitution to meet all those vital requirements which have been evolved by the sad experience of our discord. Put all these things beyond the power of reaction. Make them secure; and then let us have Universal Amnesty, Universal Suffrage, and a solid and permanent peace. In this way Mr. Greeley was prominent among the founders of the Republican Party of Seward, Greeley, Corwin, and the like. In this way he is the father of the Liberal Reform Republican movement. Even if rejected by the builders of the Cincinnati Convention, still would Horace Greeley have been its corner-stone, as he was the cornerstone of that old organization into which Grant was obtruded, which Grant has usurped, and which he and his satellites have abused and perverted, until now they seek to convert our broad and noble party, which speaks for the world of freedom, of love, and of progress, into the narrow groove of sectional despotism, where nothing can thrive but gold and personal and King power, and where fate lords it over the helpless and penitent victims of conquest. For, by persistent and relentless persecution, the South, at last, have come to be justly regarded as *victims*.

For these reasons—which appeal to the sense of the whole nation—Mr. Greeley was, all things considered, the logical candidate of the Cincinnati Convention. I did not expect his nomination, because I believed that Mr. Greeley's indifference to the mere machinery of party would result in his having no persistent personal representation in that Convention. But the logic of the movement—not political craft—triumphed. The heart and the head of that Convention acted in unison. And their expression was, that neither Adams, nor Trumbull, nor Davis, nor Sumner, nor any other man of these times, has uttered wiser or stronger things on living issues than has Greeley. And that none of these exalted names present a record of a "busy life" which appeals like that of Horace Greeley's to such American hearts as warmed to "Old Tip," "Old Zach" and "Uncle Abe," with throbs which insure success.

Horace Greeley properly spurned the Philadelphia office-holders' packed convention. The President of the United States—who is hardly baptized as a member of the Republican Party—however great his war services, must be commanded to halt, when he becomes so gross a usurper as to march into the Senate, on a personal grievance, and order his satellites to supplant a great Republican like Mr. Sumner on the Committee of Foreign Affairs, where he was so eminently trusted and useful; and who followed up the same despotic tactics for his own *succession*, by invading the Republican organizations in the different States (New York among the number) and—by his Federal mercenaries—overpowered men like Horace Greeley in the management of such of their own affairs as concerned the Republican opinion of such States; carrying the votes of the State conventions, as by a bayonet charge of regular soldiers, for

General Grant, as the nominee of the Republican Party, over the heads of such indecent gentlemen, the very founders of the party, as saw fit to say that the time had come to choose another than General Grant to fill the chair of Washington, Jefferson, Monroe and Lincoln. This despotic, unprecedented executive conduct in itself demanded the uprising of true Republicans, were there no more in the case. When to this is added the corruptions, extravagancies, dissipations and imbecilities of the personal Grant party, no spirited and patriotic Republicans but must blush with indignation and shame at the thought that the Murphys, the Dents and the Leets, and all that wretched set, and men like them, in every State, are—as by an emperor's edict—to be entitled (as his military satrap) upon the Executive government of a nation. For this reason the Nation rises in its majesty to demand true Civil Service and permanent sectional union.

Let them laugh at Horace Greeley, if they choose,

these hired laughers! So they laughed at Harrison, as fellow who lived in a log cabin and drank hard cider. So they sneered at Jackson before him. So they jibed at Taylor, and yet even the defection of Henry Clay and Daniel Webster could not prevail against the popular love for old Zach. So they ridiculed the "flat-boatman" and "rail-splitter Lincoln," that "rough and ugly man." When the masses mean business this laugh is soon on the other side of the faces of such Exclusives and Dandies. The sense of the country makes Greeley stronger every day. His character wears and brightens. It will brighten to the end.

He is fit to govern. No man among us knows the politicians better than Horace Greeley. His sound sense will surround him with the ablest advisers. The wisdom that has made and defended parties, and which has furnished them brains and weapons, since 1840, from the editor's sanctum, may well be trusted in the Presidential chair. And so the people will say. Horace Greeley's old hat and old white coat may yet revive the times of 1840. All trading politicians are advised to stand from under, or to ship quickly with the working crew on board our noble ship, the *New Nation*, commanded by Horace Greeley. The uniform that our commander wears is a Slouched Hat and a well-worn White Coat. Let the Slouched Hat and the White Coat, and the Plough and the Ax, be our symbols in these days of peace. Thank God we no longer have instant need of the horrible pomp and glitter of warlike emblems.

The Winter of our discontent is fast becoming glorious Summer.

JUNIUS.

## PICTORIAL SPIRIT OF THE EUROPEAN ILLUSTRATED PRESS.

**The Prince and Princess of Wales and the Impudent Flower-Girl.**

The impudent flower-girl is an institution at Rome. Her appeals, delivered in that musical Southern language, are addressed with equal impartiality and perseverance to the reddest disciple of Mazzini, to the stoutest upholder of the Pope's temporal power, to the New York speculator in Erie or petroleum, or to princes and princesses in search of health and recreation. Our engraving represents this inevitable flower-girl subjecting the Prince and Princess of Wales to her persuasive art, with the same familiarity as if they were the most pronounced Red Republicans.

### An Audience with Pius IX.

The scene represented is one of those week-day receptions usually largely attended by visitors to Rome. A request is sent to a Monsignore, and, after more or less time, a printed invitation comes through his hands, in which we are bidden to appear at the Vatican on an appointed day; ladies to be dressed in black, and veiled; gentlemen in evening dress, without gloves. The scene of the reception varies. In this case it was in the Loggia of Pio IX.—a long and narrow arcade, painted on the model of the Loggia of Raphael, which faces it across the court on the same floor. A Swiss guard appeared at the end of the gallery, and after him a Monsignore, who made a sign which was interpreted to mean, "The Pope is coming; you had better kneel." And between the kneeling lines came the Pope, who lifted his hand for a minute in benediction, then motioned them to rise. The Pope was in his statuette dress of white—all white. He was followed by Monsignori in black and violet, one of whom held his scarlet hat. Then, one by one, his visitors were introduced to him, not by their names, but by their nations; and to an American he would say, "Ah. New York!" to the Irish, "Ah. Dublin!" to the English, "Ah. London!" The person addressed meanwhile reverently bent the knee, and, after this remark, kissed the hand of His Holiness. The proceedings were interrupted by a little boy, who knelt and repeated a piece of poetry before him. The Pope was brought to a long standstill; he philosophically took out his snuff-box, and patted now the snuff-box, now the head of the little boy, said "Bravo, bravo!" and between the pinches addressed a word or two of congratulation to the devoted mother, who knelt alongside.

### The Marriage of the Marquis of Bute.

The latest excitement in British high life has been the marriage of the Marquis of Bute, one of the wealthiest noblemen in England. John Patrick Crichton Stuart is the third Marquis of Bute, a Baronet, and a Knight of the Papal Order of the Holy Sepulchre at Jerusalem. He was born September 12th, 1847, succeeded his father 1848, was educated at Harrow and Christ Church, Oxford; is Hereditary Sheriff and Coroner of Buteshire, Hereditary Keeper of Rothesay Castle, and a Deputy-Lieutenant of Ayrshire. His bride, the Lady Gwendoline Mary Anne Fitzalan Howard, is the eldest child of the Right Hon. Edward George Fitzalan Howard of Glossope, and was born February 21st, 1854. The marriage was solemnized in the chapel of the Oratory of St. Philip Neri, at Brompton, by Archbishop Manning, assisted by Mgr. Capel. The resources of the building, which is capable of holding from two thousand to three thousand persons, were taxed to the uttermost, being filled long before eleven o'clock. Soon after eleven the fair bride entered, leaning on her father's arm, and attended by a bevy of youthful bridesmaids. She wore a plain but handsome white satin dress, while her lace veil was crowned with a very simple wreath of orange blossoms. There were eight bridesmaids, dressed in plain white with pink trimmings. Four of them were the bride's sisters. The bridegroom had arrived some half-hour earlier, accompanied by the Earl of Rosebery as best man, in full Highland costume. At the conclusion of the marriage ceremony, which in the Roman Catholic Church is very short, a Low Mass was said by Mgr. Capel, and the Holy Communion administered to the newly married pair.

### The Speaker's Levée.

The dignity of that right honorable gentleman who officially presides over the assembled representatives of the Commons of the United Kingdom is second to none below the peerage, and he is entitled to maintain it with a certain degree of ceremonious formality which beseems the character of one holding such an important political and social position. His levées, which take place on several days in the session of Parliament, are attended with as much solemnity and strictness of etiquette as those held by royalty at

St. James's Palace. The Speaker's residence, which is situated in the Palace of Westminster, on the south side of the Speaker's Court, entered from New Palace-yard, contains a suite of very handsome state-rooms, for use at these grand receptions of the members of the House of Commons and other privileged visitors. The windows of the corridors are painted with the names and armorial bearings of all the Speakers, from the reign of Edward I. to the present year of Queen Victoria, and many of their portraits adorn the walls of the state rooms. The gentlemen who come to the Speaker's levee usually wear the Court dress, or some proper uniform of their military or official rank. Our illustration shows the scene at the foot of the principal staircase at the hour of their arrival upon one of these occasions.

### A Rural Postman of Hungary.

Postal communication through the thinly peopled districts of Hungary is maintained by the government of Francis Joseph with tolerable regularity and precision, though a traveler from Western Europe might not greatly admire the look of the rudely-built chaise, the ungroomed and ill-harnessed quadruped, and the peasant driver, to whose best speed the conveyance of the mails is commonly intrusted. But there is a high degree of native alacrity in man and beast of this adventurous land—a soldierly habit of performing the task in hand and a contempt for all obstacles that may be met with on the road, which are apt to insure success; while the Hungarian breed of horses, though puny and queer to look at, have great swiftness, when pushed to their full pace, and are extremely hardy, enduring prolonged journeys in bad weather as well as any breed in Europe. The sketch engraved shows a rural postman winding his horn at the entrance of a village.

### The Tercentenary Celebration of the Independence of Holland.

Our engraving represents one of the many scenes of rejoicing which took place throughout Holland on the 1st of April last, on the occasion of the three hundredth anniversary of Dutch independence. The first of April was chosen for the tercentenary for the following reason: In 1572, a deputation of Netherlands gentlemen waited on Philip II. to implore from him some mitigation of the atrocities they were suffering at the hands of the Romanists. Their prayer was contemptuously dismissed, and they were styled by the courtiers, in derision, "Water-beggars." They accepted the title thus jeeringly bestowed: three hundred of them took to the sea, and fitted out numerous privateers. Furnished with letters of marque by the Prince of Orange, and under the command of William de la Marck, they cruised about the Channel until the 1st of April 1572, when they made their appearance before the little town of Brielle. Aided by a patriotic ferryman, named Peter Koppelskot, whom they depicted as their ambassador to the authorities, and who represented their force as five thousand strong, they so frightened the townsfolk that most of them fled, while the others resisted so feebly that the "Water-beggars" were soon masters of the place. The rest of the story of the glorious struggle is told in Mr. Motley's famous work.

### FINE ARTS.

**MR. GEORGE HARVEY** has now on view at 82 Fifth Avenue three charming pictures which will merit the attention of lovers of art. Two of them are named "Looking Out in the Cold" and "Looking Within," treated in a style of thorough contrast and very carefully finished. Both represent female figures—the one poor and miserable, the other, a *religieuse* felt out and treated with much grace and depth of feeling. The third painting is larger, and is called "Robin and his Winter Fare"—an old English country scene in Winter—which speaks well for the knowledge and skill of hand of the artist in grouping, or rather, composing so admirable a Wintry-Scene.

### MUSICAL AND DRAMATIC.

LAST week of Edwin Booth as *Richard III*.

THE Chapman sisters left Lina Edwin's last week.

NO MORE fun at San Francisco Hall until next season.

THE "Music of the Future" does not take well in Paris.

AN opera by a native Russian has failed in St. Petersburg.

THE opera season of 1871-2, at Milan, was very successful.

CARLO PATTI is to conduct the orchestra at Lina Edwin's.

CAFÉ CONCERTS are the order of the day in Marseilles, France.

MILLE AIMÉE has secured Lina Edwin's for a season of opéra-bouffe.

MME. ALBONI (the Countess of Pepoli) is to return to the Paris stage.

EDWIN ADAMS acts *Enoch Arden* on Monday, May 20th, at Booth's.

MARIETTA RAVEL appears in the "French Spy," at Wood's Museum.

MISS CLARA LOUISE KELLOGG and Mrs. Scott Siddons are in London.

LYDIA THOMPSON will go to Europe before she enters upon her Fall engagement.

GOSSIP links the name of a leading lady of a Bavarian theatre with a noble rank.

LAWRENCE BARRETT is engaged to appear at the California Theatre, San Francisco.

BONFANTI made her *début* in drama at the Academy of Music, New Orleans, May 6th.

SARASATE gave a farewell vocal and instrumental performance at Steinway's, May 13th.

MISS KATE BATEMAN has just concluded a successful tour through the English provinces.

OLIO performances at the Comique, and "Blue Monday," a take-off on "Black Friday."

MARIO has been compelled to return to the stage, through the loss of the bulk of his fortune.

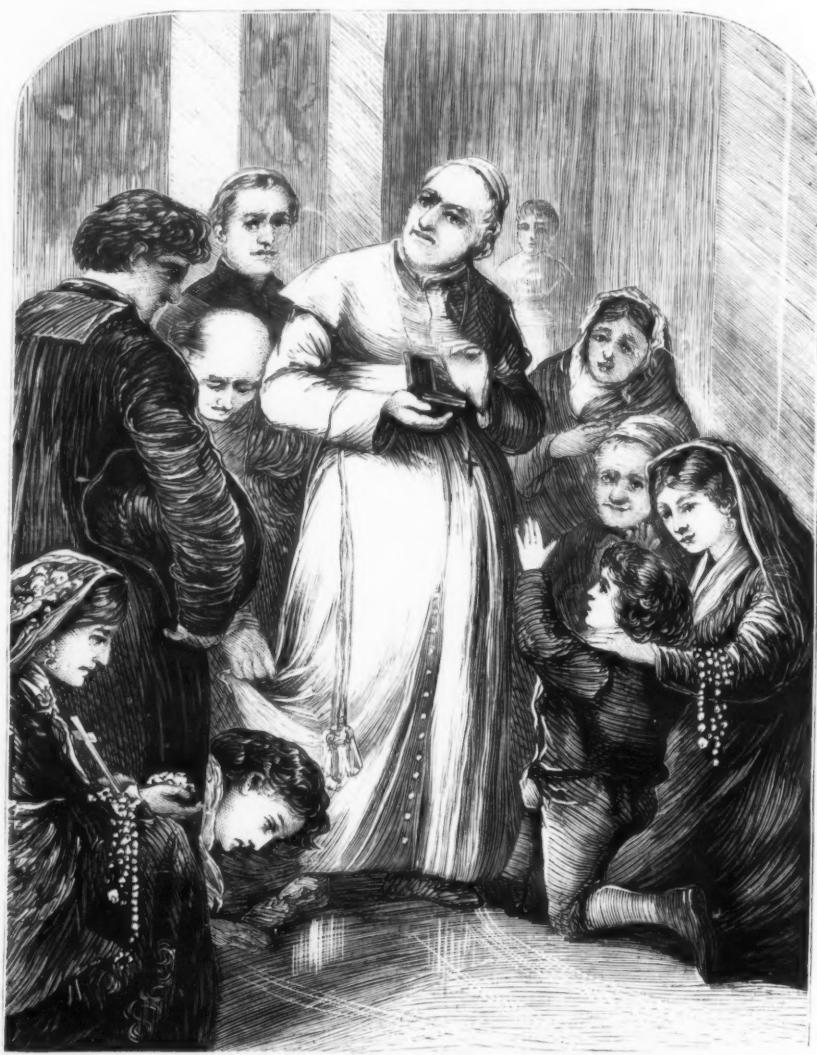
THE Engel matinées at the Union League Theatre draw critical and appreciative audiences.

JANAUSCHEK, "Little Nell" and "Rip Van Winkle" were the attractions in St. Louis last week.

The Pictorial Spirit of the Illustrated European Press.—SEE PRECEDING PAGE.



ITALY.—THE PRINCE AND PRINCESS OF WALES AND THE IMPORTUNATE ROMAN FLOWER-GIRL.



ITALY.—AN AUDIENCE WITH PIUS IX. IN THE VATICAN.



ENGLAND.—MARRIAGE OF THE MARQUIS OF BUTE AT BROMPTON.



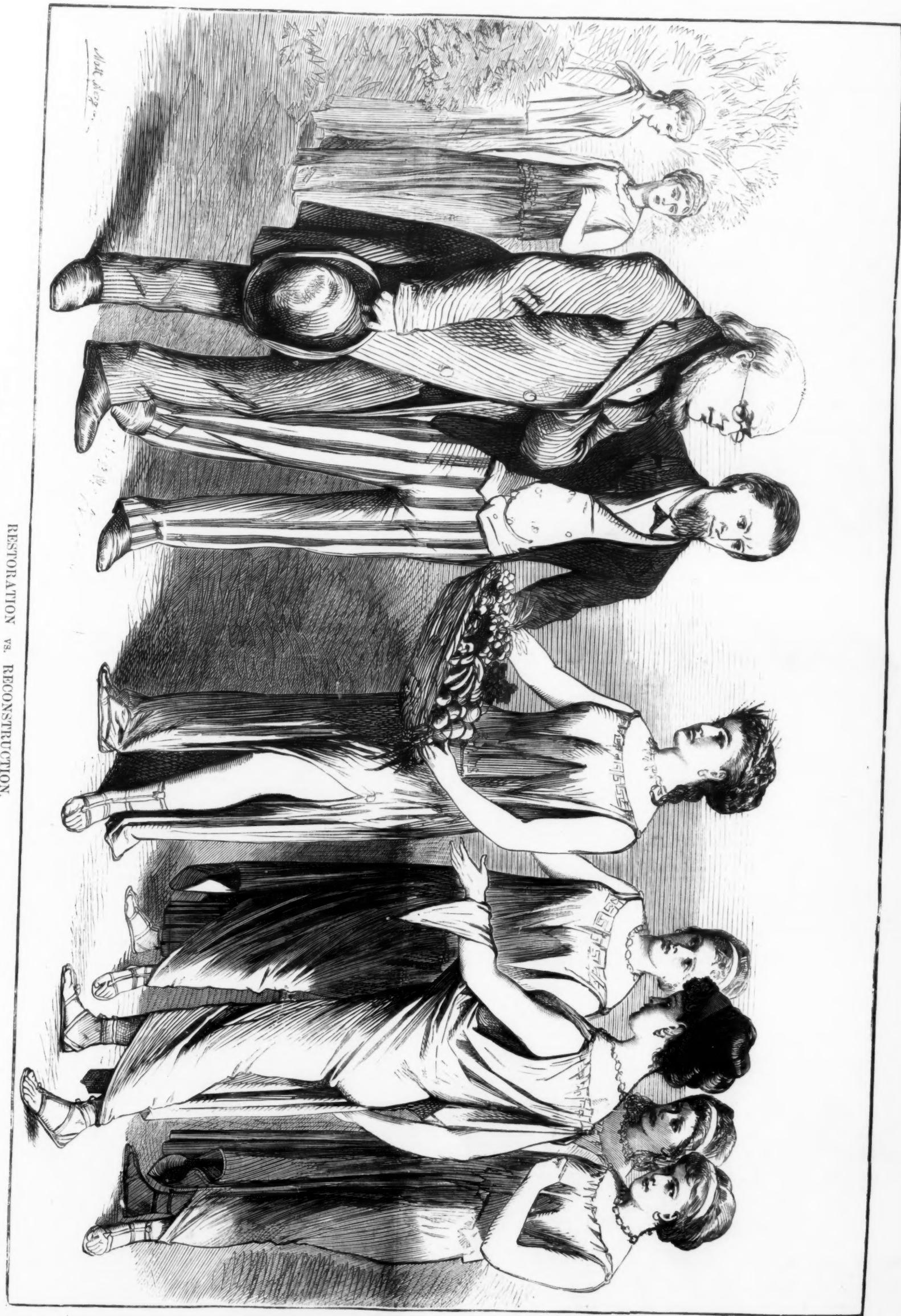
ENGLAND.—THE SPEAKER'S LEVÉE—ARRIVAL OF THE GUESTS.



HUNGARY.—THE RURAL POSTMAN.



HOLLAND.—CELEBRATION OF THE TERCENTENARY ANNIVERSARY OF DUTCH INDEPENDENCE.



RESTORATION vs. RECONSTRUCTION.

UNCLE SAM INTRODUCES THE CHAMPION OF AMNESTY, PEACE AND PLENTY TO THE SISTERHOOD OF STATES.

## APPLE-BLOSSOMS.

On, the glory of the blossoms!  
Apple-blossoms, pink and white;  
Snowy in the gloaming shadows,  
Rosy in the morning light!

Now the trees, all gnarled and hoary,  
Garbed in mosses sombre-hued,  
Crown their age with festal garlands,  
Hailing May with life renewed.

Everywhere—in vale or upland—  
Laughing at our fickle skies,  
Bursting forth for lord and cotter,  
Apple-blossoms greet our eyes.

Birds, as if their beauty wooing,  
Trill aloud their sweetest song,  
While they gayly hide or hover,  
Sing or flit, the boughs among.

Now, too, are the orchards haunted;  
O'er their sward trip merry fays,  
Breast-knots snatching where some branchlet,  
Overladen, earthward sways,

Alice, pensive in her pleasure;  
Annie, with her archer smile,  
Weaving fancies with her flowers,  
Pure as they from sin or guile;

Or toward my window glancing,  
Snowy flakes in handfuls fling,  
And with beck'ning finger bid me  
Come and taste the breath of Spring.

Haply as they, loitering, listen  
While some lark soars high and light,  
Dream they how from out the home-nest,  
They, too, shall ere long take flight.

Drawn thence by that love, whose castles  
Each of us has helped to build;  
Painting all our airy fabrics  
Rainbow-tinted, pleasure-filled.

Shall I dim their dreams with bodings  
Of the hours for all in store,  
When the Spring of life has vanished,  
And the clouds creep darkling o'er?

Bodings of the cares that canker  
Bravest hearts when hope is dead;  
Of despair, the blight most deadly  
To the soul when sore beset.

Nay; far rather would I borrow  
From the teachings of the May  
Deeper faith in Him who gives us  
Strength for every coming day;

Rather hope my treasured blossoms,  
Like the blooms that grace the tree,  
Into golden fruit may ripen,  
Sound at heart and canker-free.

## PIERRE ARCAS'S RESURRECTION.

BY  
E. L. FORD

**T**HERE was no doubt about it. Dr. Louvois was not the man for that position. No man prone with credulity is fitted to be a commissioner to an insane asylum. Nor was that the worst. He not only received unauthorized beliefs, but he also acted upon them with a vigor and dispatch in the highest degree discreditable to a member of a committee—which bodies, as every one knows, are appointed on the philosophical axiom that “what is gained in power is lost in speed.”

The case was this:

One morning, just a week after the doctor's appointment as Commissioner to the Insane Asylum at Toulouse, there had been handed to him a packet of papers found among the scanty effects of a patient who had died the preceding night. Contrary to all precedents, the doctor had carefully read the papers. Finding one among them which bore the signature of a former acquaintance of his own, who had died about a year before, he hastened to Marseilles, and having seen the two witnesses to the signature, who made oath to its genuineness, he had returned to Toulouse to lay the matter before the other two commissioners.

“If we pay attention to this crazy tale, we shall soon be overrun with manuscripts,” said the second commissioner, Lauran.

“Then, it is a principle with you never to believe a patient's story, told by himself?” impatiently and indignantly queried Louvois.

“Yes, otherwise we should all be lunatics together.”

It was the first commissioner, Guyon, who answered the question. He was a little man, with a fierce eye and a sharp tongue. He had been twenty years in his office of commissioner, and everybody had learned to bow before him. Every one declared aloud that he was the best man in the world for that office, and then wished in their hearts he was out of the world.

After he had spoken there was a pause. Louvois, eager, impulsive and prone to the marvelous, felt chilled. Lauran, the second commissioner, sat softly rubbing his plump hands, and turning his florid face wistfully from one companion to the other.

“Gentlemen,” he said, at last, “let us endeavor to act harmoniously. Whatever happens, let us act harmoniously.”

“I believe I have the right to lay this matter before the committee?” said Louvois, gently. He had a temper like good silk. It was very smooth, and it would bear great strain.

“Oh, certainly, you have the right,” replied Guyon with great politeness. “Will you allow me to suggest that we have here no less than seventy lunatics whose vagaries are all legitimate subjects for our consideration, should any member of this committee so move?”

“Since I have the privilege of laying this matter before the committee,” said Louvois, pointedly, turning from Guyon, and addressing himself to Lauran, “I will first read the written narrative of the deceased, Pierre Arcas, and afterward bring the proofs to substantiate it. I will then state my reasons for believing his detention in the asylum to have been illegal,

procured by fraud and based upon the worst motives.”

Guyon, with the air of one deliberately devoting himself to a profound self-contemplation, folded his arms and gazed fixedly out of the window. Lauran directed first an appealing look at him, and then an apologetic glance at Louvois.

“Gentlemen,” he said, beginning with his invariable preface in wordy warfares, “let us act harmoniously. If this reading is inconvenient, it might be deferred and—”

He looked at the stony, impassive Guyon, who never turned his eyes from the window, and his little meditative speech died away unfinished.

“There is no time like the present,” cheerfully remarked Louvois, unfolding the paper, and he began to read the lunatic's manuscript with as much composure and care as he would have devoted to the perusal of the most momentous legal document.

## NARRATIVE OF PIERRE ARCAS.

From my cell in this insane asylum I have, for nine years, called aloud for justice. And yet who can hear me? Even if one should hear, would he heed a cry from such a place. It is true there are men appointed to inspect our prisons, and see that we are not illegally detained; yet finding us here, they are already prejudiced. They listen with ill-concealed distrust to our most rational and probable statements. If we claim belief for any of those strange incidents which happen but at long intervals, and in isolated cases, they turn from us, shrugging their shoulders and muttering compassionate phrases. I do not complain that my story, wild and incredible as it is, does not gain belief, but I do complain that the more proofs I bring to substantiate my words, the more my hearers harden themselves in skepticism.

Nevertheless, I shall write out my story, produce my proofs, and cherish the hope that after my death my manuscript may be read and believed—the sole justice which can then be rendered me.

Nine years ago, when I was twenty-one years of age, I embroiled myself in a conspiracy against the government. There were ten of the principal conspirators arrested. The government was very mild. Six of them were discharged, two were exiled and two suffered death. I do most solemnly declare myself to have been one of the last. You think I am raving. Listen. Wait. You will believe me in the end.

I do not know how it is with condemned men who hope for reprieve or for pardon. As for me, I gave up all hope from the moment when the words of my sentence reached my ears in the hall of justice. There was no one nearly related to me to intercede with the government. The friends I had acquired in my short and obscure career were not elevated and powerful enough to make their intercession valuable to me or safe for themselves. No philanthropist left inclined to plead for me, for I was, in reality, guilty of treason, and there could be no doubt of the justice of my sentence. There was a week of preparation granted me. As I returned from my trial to my cell, the turnkey who locked me in gave me a small calendar of the month. My execution was to take place on the Saturday of the third week. I sat down to study the little printed leaf. There were recorded the days I had lived, the week that yet remained to me, and then the day destined to be my last. After that there were still nine more days left on the leaf—days which would never come to me. It was impossible for me to imagine the world going on unchanged, and I blotted out of existence.

When my jailor next came I begged him to mark out with a cross from the calendar the day of my execution, and he complied. I used to wake at night and wonder how I could sleep when there were so few hours left me. I would remember how the day had sometimes, in my old life, seemed long to me, and I had wished it over, and then think that the passage of even the most tiresome day had but brought me nearer to that last fatal morning. When the sun rose I counted the sunrises remaining for me to see; and when, through my grated window, I saw the crimsoned west, I remembered that a huge fragment of time—twenty-four hours—had crumbled off my short existence. I reflected how many sunsets were left me. Alas! in all my countings the sunrises outnumbered the sunsets by one. It is impossible to describe the feelings of a human being who is in the full flush of life and vigor, and who yet knows that no amount of vitality can carry him beyond a certain moment, only a few days distant. There is ever present to him the appointed time when he shall drop suddenly from life into death. I used to look at my face in the little cracked glass in the cell, and imagine it white and rigid in death. I would stretch myself on my straw pallet, and remember that in four days—three days—two days—to-morrow, that body would so lie stretched somewhere. It would not be my body then. It would be nothing to me. I should be—where? I should be—what? I could not conceive.

Like most Frenchmen, I had been educated in the Roman Catholic Church. But the holowness of the symbols which the Church uses in reference to the next life none but the dying can know.

The other conspirator, who was doomed to be executed the same time with myself, had not been allowed to communicate with me at any time since our arrest. On our last morning we met at the prison entrance, and were put into the same wagon. He was a man twenty years my senior, and possessed of strong religious tendencies.

“I have one stay,” he said to me. “I am in the hands of some higher power. Wherever I shall find myself in the world I am about to enter, as in this world, my place will have been assigned to me.”

It was impossible not to partake in some measure of his calm and resignation.

“Dubois,” I said, “in our new lives we may never meet. If memory is possible there, remember me.”

We had reached the steps of the guillotine by this time.

“Adieu, my friend,” he responded. “Pray for me.”

He ascended the steps unaided, and laid his head upon the block. I saw his eyes close, and his lips move. There was a dull thud as the guillotine did its work, and the head rolled into the basket.

It was then my turn.

I do not remember ascending the steps, but I can recall the sensation of lying with my head upon the block, and the morning sun shining full in my face. I saw the flash of the descending steel. There was a swift, awful feeling of being beyond all human aid, of sinking irrevocably into darkness and annihilation, with no one able to help.

It may at first appear that I would retain a remembrance of those few moments passed in another sphere; but my oblivion of it will not appear strange when we reflect that although we have as much reason to believe in our soul's previous existence as in its inheritance of a future one, yet it is only by rare instantaneous flashes of sensation, rather than of memory, that we feel that as the soul has no end, it could have had no beginning—that it is *immortal*. I have a vague remembrance of floating free from all physical and moral restraint. What I wished to be I was, and my wishes were such as my human life had tended to create. It was thus that my life in the body had foreshadowed the one I should lead when disembodied. It was these wishes, or states of mind, that made my heaven or my hell. But the memory of those moments is as faint and fleeting as breath upon a mirror.

When consciousness began to ebb slowly back I formed mental impressions like one recovering from a severe illness. Only two persons ever attended me. Idly and languidly I came to recognize them. One was the old doctor who was the medical practitioner at the prison, the other was his assistant—a young man who used to visit the prisoners in the absence of the regular doctor. They were very kind and attentive. One of them was with me all the time. As I grew stronger I found my memory of my past life and my execution coming back to me. I felt also much anxiety in regard to my future fate. But upon myself, and my own affairs, past or future, the doctor and his assistant were determinedly silent. No art nor persuasion could overcome their reticence in that direction. I believe my restoration must have extended over about six months. At all events it was the middle of January when my execution took place, and it was midsummer when I was set at liberty. I was able to consume solid food, and walk about my room for half or three-quarters of an hour at a time. I was provided with citizen's clothes in place of my prison uniform, but I was not allowed to leave the chamber in which I was confined. One Summer night the doctor appeared, and relieved the watch of the younger physician.

“Arcas,” he said, when we were alone, “I have hitherto refrained from speaking to you about your past life. It would be better for you to forget it, and begin the world again. In order that you may do this, I am about to convey you to a place of security. Rise, and dress yourself. My carriage is waiting.”

When I was about to descend the stairs, he shrouded my face, except my eyes, in a handkerchief, and he pulled my hat low down upon my forehead. I had submitted so perfectly to him since I had been in his hands, that I was like a child. We drove rapidly, and soon reached a large inn-yard. A diligence stood waiting in the road, and the driver was just clambering to his seat.

“A minute more, and you would have been left,” he growled to the doctor. “Got any baggage?”

“No, my amiable friend, I have no baggage,” said the doctor.

Our places had, I think, been reserved for us. As I took possession of mine, an old gentleman opposite me, noticing my muffle, offered to exchange seats if the night-air was too cold for me.

“Accept the gentleman's offer, Pierre,” said the doctor. “You must not suffer the cold to touch your face.”

“An accident has happened to your friend?” queried the old Frenchman.

“No; it was a disease of the mouth and throat,” the doctor explained.

After a while, the silence, the darkness, and the incessant motion, combined, with my weakness, to make me sleep.

To this day I do not know whether or no I had been drugged, but when I awoke, it was broad day. The diligence had drawn up in front of the courtyard of The King's Arms. The old French gentleman was just disappearing into a second diligence, and the doctor was nowhere visible. I asked for him. He had got out at Aix. Where was I? Monsieur had arrived at Avignon; was monsieur going further? No; I would stop here.

They looked at me curiously as I sat myself down upon a bench in the sun. I was weak and dazed; I knew not where to turn. For a little while I waited, expecting the doctor to appear and take charge of me. I began to feel faint for want of food. I found in my pocket a little money, which the doctor must have placed there in my sleep. I bought me a roll and some wine, ate it sitting in the sun, and then went aimlessly sauntering about the town.

This was the beginning of my wanderings. My money was soon gone. I do not blame the doctor. He was old and poor, and had a large family to support. He must have stinted himself to have given me what he did through my illness and when he left me. I was too weak

to work, even if I could have obtained employment. I was obliged to beg my way from place to place, depending upon the charity principally of the peasantry. At last I reached Toulouse. I remembered to have heard my father, years before, speak of a distant cousin of his who used to live there. I believed I could remember his name, and I determined to apply to him for aid. I found him readily, for he was a prominent person in the place, and, to my surprise, was wealthy. Greatly to my astonishment, both he and his wife knew all of my past history, from my birth to my execution. It was not till this last year that I learned why Jacques Rayneau had taken pains to so inform himself in regard to me. With my father, who died in my childhood, he had chosen to be totally unacquainted. Madame Rayneau first received me. She boldly denounced me as an impostor. She, however, gave me food and shelter till evening, when her husband returned. He heard my story in silence. When I had finished, he asked no questions, he made no comment. I augured more from his reticence than from the open disbelief and scorn of his wife.

“You can remain here to-night,” he said, in a cold, unfeeling manner; “to-morrow we will see what remains to be done.”

That night I slept upon some straw in an attic, and in the morning some broken meat and bread was given me in the kitchen. The very servants pitied me. They had not heard the tale of my pretensions, or they would have jeered. After I had eaten, I was told that Monsieur Rayneau desired me to go out and get into his carriage, which was waiting in the courtyard.

“Go, poor fellow,” said the good-hearted cook, “I doubt not our master will convey thee to some charitable home. Thou art too weak to labor. Ah, he is kind—Monsieur Rayneau.”

During the drive, Monsieur Rayneau informed me that he had concluded to place me in the Hospital for the Destitute until such time as my general health was restored. When that was done, he would find me some suitable employment. He neither denied nor acknowledged my claims to relationship; he contented himself with offering me charity. I said no more of our cousinship, but simply expressed my gratitude. I considered him hard and selfish, but I did not believe him a hypocrite. We alighted at the gates of a large building, which I supposed to be the hospital. We were shown into a reception-room, and presently there appeared a gentleman whom Rayneau addressed as the superintendent.

“I have come,” said Rayneau, “to place in your establishment's patient, Monsieur Pierre Arcas. When his cure is effected you will inform me, and I will remove him.”

When he had finished this little speech, so simple and so hypocritical, he made a hasty exit. The superintendent followed, and they exchanged a whisper on the steps. Monsieur Rayneau then entered his carriage, and drove away. From that day to this I have never seen him, nor have I ever left this establishment, which is no hospital, but an insane asylum. Not till a year ago did I understand the motives of Rayneau's base conduct. In receiving the dying testimony of Jean Pierrepont, I was made aware what powerful reasons my relative had for thus incarcерating me. Jean Pierrepont was the medical assistant at the Marseilles prison. I have kept his letter, but no one would believe it genuine. I bear upon my body the proofs of my story and his, but still I can obtain no credence. When I die I shall have but one earthly wish—that my story may be investigated, and justice done to my memory. Alas! what do I say? Who is there to remember me?

With these hopeless words ended the autobiography of the dead man. Guyon gave no sign of having heard one word. Lauran looked half convinced, and half ashamed of his partial belief. Louvois unfolded another paper, and gravely continued his reading—

## THE CONFESSION OF JEAN PIERREPONT.

I am dying, but the moments which should be spent in preparing for the next world are spent in vain regrets over a deed done in this. It only remains to make confession. The time for reparation has passed.

Nine years ago I was medical assistant at the prison at Marseilles. It was while I was acting in that capacity that an event occurred so unprecedented, and so horrible, that I may well fear my recital of it will be called the ravings of delirium.

It is the custom of that place to give to the medical men, for a atomical purposes, the bodies of all felons who suffer capital punishment. Doctor Rand, the physician of the prison, was greatly addicted to scientific speculations and visionary experiments. One of his favorite schemes was the resurrection of the dead. He maintained that it was always possible to rekindle vitality in a frame not enfeebled by age, or whose sickness had not done the work of years. His experiments all tended in that direction, and, little by little, after countless failures, we began to approach success.

At last, in the year 1844, we made one final trial. Our arrangements were perfect. The subject we selected was one Pierre Arcas, who had been condemned to the guillotine for treason. Beyond that, neither of us knew anything of the man. The doctor had rented a small house just across the street from the place of execution. He was to convey the body there. I was to snatch the head from the basket, compress the carotid arteries, and hasten to join him. There was also another felon to be executed at the same time, a man by the name of Dubois. At our request Arcas was to be the last to meet his fate. This was to have as little time as possible elapse between the decapitation and our efforts at resuscitation. All went as we had arranged, and only a few moments had elapsed after the head and body

were severed before they were again placed in conjunction.

The doctor had invented a curious apparatus to keep the head in its necessary position. A powerful current of electricity was made to pass from the base of the neck to the breast. Respiratory movements immediately took place, as indeed they had in all our previous similar experiments. The two portions of the neck were united by stitches. At the end of two hours not only did respiration continue, but it was regular. This symptom had not occurred in our other experiments. At the end of four hours a pulse, feeble but distinct, could be felt at the temples and wrists. Doctor Rand, who had merely expected to produce some slight signs of animation by means of electricity, was himself astonished at his success. He worked over the body of Arcas without intermission, delegating his other patients to me, and feigning sickness himself. Within forty-eight hours signs of life by spontaneous movements had taken place in the limbs, and on the third day the edges of the wound began to cicatrize. When matters had proceeded thus far we became frightened at our own success. The doctor stood aghast, finding it impossible to retrace his steps, and not daring to go forward. We had ceased the electrical treatment after forty-eight hours, but the respiratory movements continued unaided. When this fact was established beyond doubt, we looked at each other in consternation.

We had restored life to a man who had forfeited his right to exist, and whom the law declared dead.

Immediately after this startling discovery another revelation took place which added a new element of horror to the affair. On the morning of the fourth day I met in the street the superintendent of the prison.

"How is the old doctor to-day?" he inquired, for it was believed he was quite ill.

"I think he is better," I stammered.

"I am afraid he has made some trouble between Arcas and Dubois at the resurrection," laughing.

The mention of Arcas made my heart stand still.

"What do you mean?" I asked.

"Only that he carried off to his surgery the body of Dubois and the head of Arcas. Of course it makes no difference at present, but if they happen to need their heads a thousand years hence there might be some difficulty."

"Your jokes are poor," I managed to say, trembling in every limb.

"They are founded on fact," said the superintendent, walking off.

I hastened to the doctor. He was at the bedside of Arcas, gazing gloomily at his prostrate form. Dubois had been a dark complexioned man, about forty years old. Arcas had been only twenty-one, of fair complexion and nervous temperament. He lay upon his back on the bed. His light hair had been cropped close during his prison life; his smooth, boyish face had not even the shadow of a mustache. I took up his hand, which lay at his side. To have matched his face, it should have been white, soft-palmed, slender-fingered, with thin nails. In reality, it was dark and thick, with stubbed fingers and flat, hard nails. I bent down and looked at the scar about his throat. Above the cut the skin was smooth and white, below, it was dark and rough.

These overwhelming proofs paralyzed me; but above all the chaos of my thoughts came the conviction that I must immediately reveal this discovery to the doctor. It would never do for him to meet the superintendent as I had done. The shock it would give the doctor would create discovery. Yet, how to find words to tell the tale?

"Since you have come," said the doctor, "I will go and get some sleep."

"Wait," I said, hoarsely.

"What now? What is the matter?"

He hurried back to the bed, and looked at the insensible man.

"God forgive me," said he, in a whisper, "but I declare to you I have sometimes wished he might die!"

"Do you remember Dubois, the man that was executed at the same time as Arcas?"

"Yes, I remember him. What, then?"

"He was forty-one or two, and dark-complexioned. Arcas was twenty years younger, and fair. They were about the same height." I hesitated.

"Well, what then?" said the doctor, impatiently.

I pointed to the hand, then to the face of the man on the bed.

"Cannot you guess?" I whispered.

The doctor's eye followed my finger. He turned pale and looked bewildered. His white lips formed the word—"What?"

"Look," I said. "This is the hand of Dubois; that is the face of Arcas."

The doctor stood one moment staring in blank horror into my face; then he threw his arms wildly in the air, and fell prostrate on the floor. The strong man whom no suffering could unnerve, and no deathbed intimidate, had fainted.

Ah, how bitterly I cursed our successful experiment as I endeavored to restore the doctor to consciousness! It seemed ages before he exhibited signs of animation. In truth, it was a long time. My mind had run over all the dreadful results which would ensue, should he die in his swoon—the discovery of the doctor dead and Arcas living; the incredible explanation, which was all I could offer; the unknown consequences which would follow as a penalty for the revivifying of the executed felon. At last the doctor opened his eyes. I had lifted him from the floor to a chair, and, as soon as he began to recover, he tottered to his feet.

"What has happened?" he asked, in a dazed way. Then his eyes fell upon the figure on the bed, and recollection returned with a thrill. "Don't speak of it"—putting up his hands as if to ward off a blow—"I cannot talk about it," and so staggered out of the room.

That was the beginning of our reticence about Arcas when talking to each other, and later when he wished to talk about himself. Months went by, and day by day he grew stronger, until he could walk about his room and take solid food. At first we had been obliged to give him stimulants and liquid nourishment by means of an esophageal tube. The problem of his future disposal occupied my mind continually. I lay awake in the night, thinking of it. I went about my duties in the day mechanically, pondering some impractical scheme for getting rid of him. It was utterly impossible that he should stay shut up in that room in a common house on a public street. The chamber had been selected for a physiological experiment, and not as the depository of so fearful a secret. Yet, through all my perplexity, I had never dared to allude to the subject with the doctor. About six months had now elapsed, when one night I lay awake all through the long hours, devising and rejecting scheme after scheme.

"I shall go mad if this lasts longer," I said, aloud. It had grown to be early dawn. I rose, and hurriedly dressed myself. I hastened to the house where I had left the doctor guarding Arcas. I entered the hated room. It was vacant. For a moment my heart stood still, and my blood seemed to congeal. The next, I comprehended that the doctor had solved the problem of our deliverance. I uttered a thanksgiving aloud. It seemed as if I had borne this load for a lifetime, and now I was free. Late in the morning the doctor entered the room.

"At last we are rid of him!" I said.

"Yes; I hope I may never see or hear of him again," said the doctor.

I believe he had his wish; at least, no hint of our secret ever passed between us from that time forth. Four years after Dr. Rand died. He had left me in ignorance as to what disposition he had made of Arcas, and I had been only too glad to have been so left. But now, when I had most reason to hope my secret was for ever silenced, it began again to make itself faintly audible. It had been appointed to Dr. Rand's vacant post. It is one of the duties of a medical director of a prison to make a report as to the death of all the prisoners, even those who are excommunicated. One morning, about six years after the execution of Arcas, there appeared at the prison two men who made inquiries as to his arrest, trial and death. They examined the books of the prison in order to make copies and memoranda from them. When I became aware of the nature of their interrogations, I was overcome with horrible apprehensions. It was not until questioned that I confessed to having been medical assistant at the prison at the time Arcas was executed.

"Did I remember the man?" they asked.

"Yes, certainly I remembered him. Executions were not so common there that we forgot the victim very readily."

"Would I be willing to swear that the said Pierre Arcas died there on the 2nd of January, 184—?"

I remained utterly silent. I was literally dumb with agony and apprehension.

"You see, doctor," said one of the visitors, misinterpreting my hesitation, "we wish to obtain legal proof that this man is dead. The case is this," pointing it off with his bony forefinger.

"There is a fortune involved. There died in Paris, a little while ago, an old miser, an old rag-picker, and he left hidden away in his rubbish about seven hundred livres. Now this Arcas, if he was alive, would be his heir. If we can prove his death, then this gentleman, M. Rynau, of Toulouse, will inherit."

Monsieur Rayneau and I exchanged bows. He was a tall, spare man, with his scanty hair plastered smoothly down at the sides of his head, a furtive, stealthy glance in his long, narrow eyes, and a repulsive twist to one corner of his thin lips.

"Monsieur will have no difficulty in obtaining the desired proofs," I managed to stammer.

He looked at me with habitual distrust, and merely shifted his weight from one foot to the other.

"It isn't every man who is so anxious to find that a relative died on the scaffold," said the lawyer, with a hoarse laugh and a nudge of his elbow in my side.

"We can get along without your testimony, still we would like it," said Rayneau.

I subsequently went with them into court, and swore to the execution of Pierre Arcas. I did not swear that he was dead. In my soul I believed him to be alive somewhere. I believed that this fortune belonged to him. Yet, what could I do?

When I had lived through this time of agony I breathed freely, and hoped all danger was over. Not so. Only a year elapsed, when the cloud which I hoped dispelled again darkened my life. The memory of Pierre Arcas again intruded itself.

I had just returned from a short stay at Toulouse. I had directed any letters which were addressed to me there to be forwarded to me here at Marseilles. About a week after my return I received a letter upon which my name was wrongly spelt. Still, it was addressed to Jean Pierpont, and I opened it. The first word which attracted my eye on the written page was the name which I most dreaded to hear. The letter, I afterward found, was addressed to the superintendent of the insane asylum at Toulouse, who bore the same name as myself. These were the written words:

"I address you in regard to the insane man whom I have placed in your charge, and who calls himself Pierre Arcas. All madmen turn against their best friends; he turns against me, his only friend. I wish him to be treated with kindness, and his imprisonment made easy, but at the same time he must not be allowed to converse or communicate with the other prisoners, or with persons outside.

Neither must he receive any letters, although I do not imagine he has any one to write to

him. For all these measures, you understand, I am willing, as heretofore, to pay you extra."

(Signed) JACQUES RAYNEAU."

I discovered from this letter that Arcas still lived, and was in the power of his relative Rayneau. I do not know whether his alleged insanity was true or not. The story he told of his execution and resurrection would be sufficient to consign him to the mad-house anywhere. Until now I have barely suffered myself to be silent, out of self-interest. I have no justification to make. I write this, to be placed in possession of Arcas, that he may at least regain his liberty. For his pardon for the wrong I have done him I dare not ask.

(Signed) JEAN PIERPONT.

Witnesses. J. GUILLAUME MARTEL.

Dr. Louvois laid down his paper, and stared from one commissioner to the other. Guyon looked perfectly unimpressed. Lauran, between his respect for Guyon and his belief in Louvois, changed color like a kaleidoscope.

"Well?" queried Louvois, impatiently. "If I might be allowed to express so much incredulity of this perfectly rational narrative," said Guyon, icily, "I would like to ask a question. How does Arcas account for the possession of this last paper?"

"I went to Marseilles myself, and saw the Martels. They are brothers, and they are law partners. They have sworn to their signatures. Charles Martel asserts that, by bribing one of the attendants here, whose name he refuses at present to give, the paper was conveyed to Arcas."

"And this Monsieur Rayneau—has anybody seen him?"

"The superintendent has received a letter saying he will be here this morning."

"Ah!" said Guyon, incredulously.

Even as he spoke the door opened, and the superintendent showed a stranger into the room. A stranger only for the first moment, for, even before his name was announced, he had impressed them as the original of Pierpont's description of Rayneau. He was ill at his ease, but whether from a sense of guilt or awkwardness could not be determined. No one knew exactly how to address him upon the subject they had been discussing. The silence was more painful to him than to the rest, and he broke it himself.

"Gentlemen," he began, with an air of bravado, "I understand there's some conspiracy afoot to connect me with the illegal detention of Pierre Arcas in this establishment. Now, I'll just give you the facts of the case. Nine or ten years ago, a crazy man came to my house, calling himself Pierre Arcas, and claiming to be my relative. I had searched, advertised and published in various ways my desire to find a relative of that name. At last it was proved that he was guillotined, about a year and a half before, at Marseilles. Now, this Pierre Arcas, as he called himself, had evidently heard of my search and its motive, which was the inheritance of a large fortune. When a man comes to me and tells me he has been beheaded, and then put together again as good as new, and assumes the name of a claimant to a fortune, I know that that man is either a knave or a lunatic. As he evidently believed his own story, so I judged him to be the latter. I did not care to make any talk about it. I considered him an object of charity, and I put him here, and have paid his expenses ever since. I stand ready to-day to give him a good burial."

He ended with a bullying shake of his head at his bearers.

"Ah! How commendable!" cried Guyon, who always stung the last newcomer.

"Gentlemen," said Louvois, "let us look at the body of Arcas."

The superintendent led the way. As they passed through the stone corridor, Guyon and Rayneau came side by side.

"Do any of you commissioners believe Arcas's ravings?" said Rayneau, with a sidelong look out of his narrow eyes.

"M. Louvois believes it."

"M. Louvois believes it, does he? It's my belief there's something wrong in his brain."

"It's my belief he hasn't got any brain," savagely said Guyon. "He must be crazy to believe a lunatic!"

"He's worse than that. Madmen do not believe each other. He is an idiot."

"Ah, indeed!" said Rayneau, in astonished conviction. "Of course he will be removed?"

"Either he or I will leave."

"After twenty years of service, they will never allow monsieur to resign. Never!"

"I believe you," acquiesced Guyon, complacently.

It may be well to state here that his belief was well-founded, and that it was indeed Louvois who was obliged to resign.

In the little cell which the party entered, there was an iron bedstead, a washstand and a chair. Upon the wide window-ledge were some bits of paper, pen and ink, and a cage with three common brown mice in it. Upon the stone floor was the coffin containing the body of the man who had spent so many years of his life in that gloomy room.

While the rest of the gentlemen stood looking at the corpse, the superintendent approached the cage, and spoke to the little prisoners.

"Here, Finette, here, Petite," he said, taking a cracker from his pocket. He opened the cage-door. The pretty little creatures ran out, ate the cracker, and hid themselves in his pocket and vest, in search of more food.

"These were Arcas's pets," said the superintendent. "He caught and tamed them. He taught them all manner of tricks, and his last act was to feed them."

No one replied. No one had heard. They were all gazing at the dead man.

"Aged thirty," read Louvois from the coffin-plate.

He did not appear so old. His fine silky

mustache, his long fair hair, the gentle, amiable expression yet resting on his face, all added to the impression of his youth. Louvois raised one of the rigid hands. It was thick, coarse, and wrinkled, and the veins stood out like cords. It was like the hand of an old man. He stooped and opened the band that encircled the throat of the corpse. A tiny discolored mark ran around it like a cord.

"Rest easy, poor Arcas," said Louvois, gently replacing the folds about the neck, "your last wish is granted. One, at least, believes your story."

#### NEWS BREVITIES.

INDIA is to have Gatlin guns.

TEXAS has a fine marble quarry.

THE Spanish insurrection is at an end.

BRITISH INDIA suffers from terrible floods.

NASHVILLE policemen carry bowie-knives.

CUBA promises a good sugar crop this year.

SAN FRANCISCO is to have a School of Design.

ONE-SEVENTH of Arkansas has been sold for taxes.

NEW YORK invites disease by its filthy streets.

COUNCIL BLUFFS is to have a Chinese colony.

BAREFOOTED bridesmaids assist at Texan weddings.

TWENTY-FIVE Mormon missionaries have left for Europe.

FAMILIES in Maine are sending to Sweden for servant-girls.

VALUABLE silver mines have been discovered near Fort Garry, Canada.

IT is reported that diamonds have been discovered at Placerville, Cal.

THE National Democratic Convention will meet in Baltimore, July 9th.

EXTENSIVE forest fires have raged lately in New York and New Jersey.

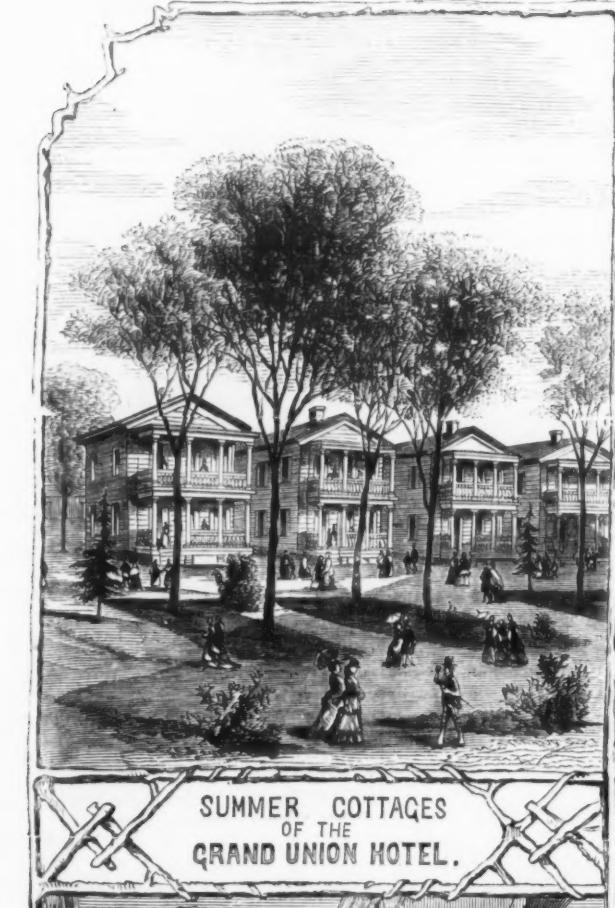
ANNIVERSARY WEEK drew many philanthropic people to New York.

A TWENTY-ACRE chicken farm has been started near Wyandotte, Kansas.

THE culture of rice is attracting the attention of agriculturists in California.

THE Grand Army of the Republic met in Cleveland at the 8th.

THE Methodist General Conference is agitated over the Book Concern swindle.



SUMMER COTTAGES  
OF THE  
GRAND UNION HOTEL.



STAIRCASE  
AND  
VERTICAL RAILWAY.



DINING HALL.



VIEW OF CONGRESS SPRING PARK  
FROM THE  
FRONT PIAZZA



GRAND UNION HOTEL

BERGHaus DEL

NEW YORK.—THE GRAND UNION HOTEL AT SARATOGA SPRINGS—INTERIOR AND EXTERIOR VIEWS OF THE



## DROWNED.

A MAIDEN on a Summer eve  
Stood watching at the place of tryst,  
For him who came not; till at last  
Uprose from earth the night's chill mist;  
And wistfully she fixed her eyes  
Upon the pale stars in the skies.

The lindens shivered in the breeze,  
The cold East breeze, though it was June,  
As sometimes an Aeolian harp.  
Sounds one false concord out of tune;  
And o'er her heart there crept a chill,  
A prescence of coming ill.

The white owl hooted his refrain,  
Weird prophet, from the ivied tower;  
The jackdaw, from the belfry loft.  
Echoed the striking of the hour.  
Ten strokes! And with a tear-stained face,  
Homeward her way she 'gan to trace.

Drowned! he was drowned that afternoon,  
Drowned in the loveliest of spots,  
Upon the silver breast of Thames,  
Amid the blue forget-me-nots.  
For her, the maiden, all but wife,  
Went out, that eve, the star of life!

## MY GUARDIAN'S SON.

BY  
FRANK LEE BENEDICT.

## CHAPTER XV.

THE apartment in which I stood was a large, beautifully-furnished room, as well as I could see in the gloom made by the heavy blinds, though everything was stained with damp and dust, and there was a close, sickening odor, like that of a vault.

The deathly stillness of the place, the terrible associations connected with it, for an instant brought back the superstitious dread; but it left me, and I felt perfectly calm. I walked about the room, inspecting the bookcases, examining the curiosities and rare bronzes with which the tables and étagères were adorned, and thinking how beautiful the place would have been if it were only freed from the wretched memories that hung about it.

I had lived long enough in Europe, and Allan Ramsay, with his great love of art, had taught me carefully enough, so that I was able to appreciate the marvelous taste and connoisseurship displayed in the fitting-up of the apartment. Every object in it was a veritable antique, and the sums lavished in the gathering them must have been princely.

There were two other rooms on that floor, furnished in the same exquisite taste. I walked through them, looked carefully about, but there was nothing to reward me for my search. I grew composed enough by this to reflect upon my own folly in supposing that I should, and had a mind to go back to the inhabited part of the house without further delay. But the words which had thrice roused me from troubled dreams rang again in my ears, audibly as if some unseen guardian, anxious to warn and help me, had repeated them. I would not give way; whatever lay beyond, I would explore the deepest recess of the tower. If no mystery existed, except in my troubled fancies, at least I would make sure of the fact, and be able to dismiss them from my mind for ever.

I rose from the easy-chair in which I had flung myself to indulge in that temporary feeling of discouragement and irritation at my own folly. All my eagerness and excitement came back. The sensation that I was directed by a higher power than my own will fortified my flagging resolution, and the one watchword, always powerful, rose to my lips, which I caught myself repeating aloud: "For Roland's sake—for Roland's sake!"

I had examined every nook and corner on the lower floor; I would go up-stairs. I looked about to discover a staircase, but there was none visible. It might be in the hall, possibly, and I returned thither; but I had not been mistaken—there was none there. At once I rushed into an agony of haste, and ran through the apartments, searching wildly, as if each moment were of the utmost value, and I must not waste a single one.

At length I discovered in the breakfast-room a door set on a level with the wainscoting, which had escaped my notice in the gloom. It was locked, but my master-key still served me. The door swung slowly on its hinges, and disclosed a winding staircase. I ascended quickly; the steps were so heavily carpeted, that, even in the oppressive stillness, my tread returned no echo. When I reached the top, I found myself in a square passage with only one door, which I knew of course must lead to the bed-chambers.

I succeeded at length in gaining admittance. I was standing in the dressing-room; the doors that gave into the other apartments were all open. One of the window-shutters was partially ajar, so that the place was less gloomy than the rooms below; but again the mysterious thrill, which had before unnerved me, came back, but this time it did not take away my courage. Every nerve was strung to its extremest tension; I felt that I was upon the threshold of the dark mystery. Another step might bring me face to face with the proofs that my suspicions were true.

Every article of dress or toilet apparatus which could bring personal recollections of the former occupant of the spot had been removed. It flashed across my mind as an odd precaution to have taken, if the tower was never entered. If, as all said, it had been closed immediately after the death of Mr. Phelps, in the excitement and terror everything would have been left undisturbed. I looked more carefully about; I perceived that the chairs and tables were free from dust. Some person was in the habit of visiting the rooms.

"They do come here," I said to myself, "and

there must be some powerful motive to bring them."

I searched narrowly through the four chambers—opened drawers and closets, examined every dark corner, every old cabinet—but there was nothing to repay me for my scrutiny beyond the proofs that the place was frequently visited, and I knew that the comers could be no other than Mrs. Phelps and her son.

The rooms would have appeared only like luxurious apartments fitted up for habitual use by some person of elegant taste, had it not been for the dark memories which gave them a weird, mysterious appearance in my eyes, till I felt like the heroine of a medieval romance treading the labyrinths of some haunted Rhine castle.

As I sat down to rest for a moment, I saw something white lying by one of the easy-chairs. It was a handkerchief with Mrs. Phelps's name worked on it, which I recognized as one of a set that I had embroidered for her only a week or two before.

The house was lighted with a species of gas generated by means of machinery in the cellars. I turned a knob of the chandelier; the gas escaped readily. I was certain that the place was entered at night. I found a box of matches on the mantel, and, as I stood by it, I perceived a small gas-stove in the fireplace, which gave out an odor that proved it had recently been ignited.

But that was all; nothing to give the reason for the mother and son choosing this solitary and evil-memoried spot for their private interviews. It was very strange. I sat for a while baffled and discouraged, but more than ever convinced that there was some miserable secret between the pair, and that Roland's safety depended upon its discovery.

Suddenly a fresh thought flashed into my mind. There was a story overhead. Richard Phelps had lied when he told me there was not.

There was one, and if I could only reach it, I

should discover there the clue to the mystery

which seemed to have escaped at the very

instant I had thought it within my reach.

I looked about again, with renewed vigilance, for some means of ascent to it. There was none visible, but that proved nothing; there might be a secret door. It was strange—eager as I was, I could think of it even then—that all my reflections rushed into my mind like questions and answers. I seemed demanding explanations, and to each came the response, clear and distinct, as if some friendly voice uttered it.

The secret door—if I could only find that—the door!

The walls were wainscoted to the height of five or six feet, and met there by heavy, dark leather hangings, wrought over by an elaborate pattern of gilding, though time and neglect had faded its brightness.

One more effort—I could not give it up now. There was a story overhead, and some means of communication with it. I was as certain of it as that I was alive—find it I must.

I began in the dressing-room; I felt along the wall for some sign of a hidden door, trying the edge of each panel with my full strength, but the wood was hard and firm. There was no crevice that gave out a hollow sound under my cautious but heavy blows.

In that manner I went through every room, though with no better success. I threw myself on a sofa at last, so overcome with disappointment that the false strength which had animated me gave way, and I began to tremble from head to foot. I was so weak and exhausted, that I longed to cry, little as I was given to that favorite mode of solace with my sex; but no tears would come, only dry sobs, which racked my whole frame like a convulsion.

It was more than I could endure, after the agitation of the past days, culminating in the excitement of this morning. I had dwelt so persistently upon one thought, had given way to my fancies so completely, that I fully believed myself directed in my course by some extraneous and powerful influence, and it was terrible now to discover that I had deceived myself—that instead of being set the task of aiding the man I loved, I was only a silly, visionary girl, deluded by my own morbid fancies.

There was no mystery; I had done my guardian and her son a vile wrong by my suspicions, and hasty and passionate though I was, I had generosity enough to be as thoroughly ashamed as though I had injured them by communicating my doubts to others. But that was not the worst; the hardest blow was to feel that I was powerless to help Roland, at least to throw a gleam of light upon the impenetrable web of wrong and suffering which enveloped him. I was a fool, an idiot, crazed by my own wild, romantic follies! I could have strangled myself with rage at my own imbecility. I was too absurd, too mad, to be worthy of love or care!

Suddenly I recollect that Mrs. Phelps or Richard might at any moment come in and find me there. What excuse could I give for this unwarrantable intrusion—this miserable prying into memories which must always make such poignant pain in their hearts! What a right it would give them to overwhelm me with bitter words, or, more unendurable still, to treat me with the quiet scorn they could both so well assume—to make me feel that I was not even worth anger—only a weak-minded, impudent child, devoured by my curiosity until I forgot the commonest instincts of decency and everything due kindness and hospitality.

Always when I planned this exploration I had reflected upon the possibility of their discovering me, and had been eager for the encounter, assuring myself that I should be able to confront them with proofs which would overwhelm them with guilty fears. I had attained the goal of my wishes, and stood face to face with a disappointment so black that it was absolute despair. I had employed my full endeavors, and was baffled; I could do nothing more; I was as powerless to

aid Roland as that poor old woman who had only her tears and prayers to offer.

I realized that by this failure I confronted the ruin of my whole life. All my plans and hopes for the future had centred upon the one object—Roland's vindication. I could never reach it now. He must live on in his dreary exile, afraid even to claim the name that was his, shunned, outlawed; and my future was at an end, because he would never permit me to share the trouble and obloquy of his destiny. I knew that to the last he would be firm and unyielding; not from obstinacy or pride, but because he would believe that he was doing right, and so nothing could move him.

I felt that supplication from me would only increase his pain, without in the least shaking his sense of duty, so for his sake I must be silent. It may have been indelicate and unmanly—perhaps it was—but, so far as I was personally concerned, I could have offered any price without shame, made any sacrifice to be allowed to cheer his desolation by my presence and the consciousness of my affection.

It was all over; my proud dream of standing by his side in the sight of the whole world, of feeling that I had restored him to honor and happiness, of going on with him through the coming years, blessed in his love, crowned with the honors that he should win—all over; the beautiful vision had fallen in ruins about my way, and crushed my heart in its overthrow.

I was sitting in the bedchamber, agonized by these reflections, gazing unconsciously about in dreary desolation, when I was roused by a sudden noise.

I did not stir. I could no more have moved than if I were made of stone. I would have cried out, but my voice was gone. I could only sit there, staring before me in an agony of superstitious fear that chained my senses like a nightmare.

The noise was repeated; it was as if some heavy object had fallen somewhere near and been picked up. I could not tell from what direction the sound came; whether overhead or in one of the rooms where I sat. Was it a supernatural warning? At that idea the nightmare-like horror left me. I could bear anything; brook any sight, however terrible, which might give me a fresh hope in my misery.

Before I had power to move, the noise echoed for the third time through the stillness of the chamber. It died away, and an instant after a new sound struck my ear—a human voice, low and indistinct, as if muffled by distance—but a voice.

At first I was half inclined to believe it only another delusion of my excited fancy. I listened, with every faculty strained into new acuteness; I heard it again—a voice speaking rapidly—then other tones, still lower and lower, sounding in reply.

All thought of supernatural agency or ghostly visitation left my mind—everything gone in the wild glow of hope that thrilled my soul. I had not been mistaken; I had not deceived myself with puerile imaginings. There was a mystery connected with this mother and son. I had penetrated at least the outer folds of the secrecy in which they kept it shrouded.

I cannot tell you what I suspected or hoped, only all the while in my heart there was a whisper that my discovery would aid Roland, for my whole energies concentrated themselves on the determination to learn from whence the voices proceeded.

I listened with a strained attention that gave me absolute physical pain, while for some instants the voices surged through the stillness. They died away at length; no other sound was audible. I was satisfied now that the tones had come from an upper apartment. With feverish energy I renewed my searches for a secret door, but I could find no clue.

I went nearly frantic at my failure; to be baffled now was more insupportable torture than any that had gone before. I rushed up and down the rooms like a maniac; I beat on the panels of the wainscot with my clinched hands, regardless of the noise I made; I fairly cried aloud, utterly reckless of consequences—too mad to remember that I might be discovered by my enemies. I was checked in my frantic efforts by a voice close at my side exclaiming, in smothered accents:

"Eleanor Vaughn!"

I turned, and saw Mrs. Phelps standing before me, white with rage, but trembling, too, with some emotion even stronger than her cold passion.

How had she entered the room? I had heard no door unclosed. The one from the passage moved so heavily on its hinges, that, in spite of my excitement, I must have been roused if it had opened. But, however she reached me, from whatever mysterious retreat she came, there she stood, and I confronted her, white and agitated as herself.

"Eleanor Vaughn!" she repeated, half in wonder, half in terrible anger.

I looked her full in the face, and did not speak. Through all her wrath, her iron composure, I could see under the mask signs of fear which gave me courage.

"May I ask what you are doing here, pray?" she inquired, after an instant's silence; and I knew by the courteous insolence of her voice, that in this second of thought she had decided how to act.

The natural question, and still more, the voice so full of quiet surprise and reproof, brought me down from the state of exaltation I had reached. I could not answer; to pour out the wild suspicions in my mind could serve no purpose except to put her still more on her guard. I had no reasonable excuse to offer. In my passion I cried out:

"Who were you talking with? Who is in the upper story?"

She looked at me with a smile, half of compunction, half of pity, such as one might bestow on an idiot.

"There is no floor above this, Miss Vaughn," she answered, with an affectation of the patience with which she would have tried to

soothe some disordered intellect; "there are only the outer walls."

"But I tell you I heard voices—two voices."

"That is quite possible, Miss Vaughn."

"You admit it?" I cried, passionately.

"Why should I not? I have been down in the library talking with my son. I come here occasionally to look through the rooms—a sad task, but I cannot bear to leave them wholly neglected. May I ask what brings you here, Miss Vaughn?"

I could have struck her. I was so enraged by her tone and manner—so elaborately polite and so insulting.

"I don't know that I had any motive." I answered carelessly; "I have always felt a great curiosity to visit this tower."

"If you had asked me, I should have been glad to gratify the—did you say curiosity?"

"You may give the feeling any name you please, madame," I said, trembling from head to foot with the sick feeling of disappointment that came over me.

"You will excuse me, Miss Vaughn," she went on, "but I must say that I think courtesy demanded a little forbearance on your part, knowing, as you did, that everything connected with this place must be very painful to me."

"Therefore I did not speak to you," I said.

She looked at me with the same smile of scornful pity.

"May I ask where you found the keys? I was not aware that there were any except those I keep."

I was holding the master-key in my hand; she took it hastily from me. I knew it was only by a strong effort that she restrained herself from snatching it.

"I fear you found nothing to repay you for your trouble," she said, in the same sneering tone. "If you have looked about sufficiently, we will go out; I find the place damp."

I could not speak—could only follow her, grinding my teeth in blind rage at being thus foiled; but she had conquered again.

We passed down the winding staircase, and entered the library. Mrs. Phelps turned toward me with an undisguised contempt that would have been overwhelming if I had not been upheld by the remembrance of the motive which impelled me to take the step I had done.

"You read too many novels, Miss Vaughn," she said. "Pray make up your mind that there is neither romance nor mystery in this house; the darkness and the tragedy passed out of it along with the murderer whose portrait you once carried in your bosom."

I was so sorely irritated that I cannot tell what I might have said—something very imprudent probably; but the answer was arrested on my lips by the sound I had twice heard in the stillness of night in my bedchamber—that sharp, agonized wail, but louder and more distinct than ever before.

Mrs. Phelps tottered back against a chair, grasped at it for support, and stood gasping for breath.

"You tell me there is no mystery!" I exclaimed. "Account for that sound! It is either the cry of a human being in pain, or it is a supernatural warning that will not allow some dreadful secret to rest in peace."

The noise died, and her courage and anger rose again.

"I believe my son spoke the truth," she cried. "You are mad, Eleanor Vaughn!"

"Not mad, and you know it! You are trembling with fear! If there is no secret, show me the upper story."

"Fool, I tell you there is none! Leave this room! How dare you pry about my house like this?"

"What was that cry?" I persisted.

"I neither know nor care! Go out, I say!"

She had forgotten her courtesy, her restraint; she looked like her son, in that fearful rage; but I feared her no more than I had done him.

"You do know!" I cried. "You do care!"

"I am your guardian," she hissed. "As heaven is above us, I'll put you in a mad-house if this goes further."

She pushed me violently out into the hall, locked the doors into the tower, and hurried away without another word.

(To be continued.)

## SUMMER LIFE IN THE COUNTRY AND TOWN.

THE GRAND UNION HOTEL, SARATOGA.

WHATEVER new localities may be brought to notice as popular resorts for the summer months, it is quite certain that the haunts where the merry laugh has rung for years will suffer no diminution of interest. Saratoga has long stood at the head of our watering-places, from a great variety of causes. And as far as one can judge at present, the season about opening will find the hotels and springs

Standing near the general office, one obtains a fine view of the uppermost ceiling, seven stories above. The rotunda has been found a very enjoyable place, the balconies encircling it commanding a stretch of vision that is constantly interrupted by swarms of guests, enjoying the advantage of a quiet promenade. From any floor this scene is full of interest and beauty; and when the hotel is lighted, the effect of countless gas-jets, flickering in the slightest breeze and bringing into bold relief the passing figures, is superb.

There is a grand architectural display on the office-floor, including thirty Corinthian columns, while to the left are four elegant reception-rooms. The ladies' drawing-room, 100 by 50 feet in dimensions, is fitted up in regal style. There are four notable paintings, representing the seasons of the year, on the walls, and a pier-glass extending from the floor to the ceiling between each window. Crystal chandeliers, a carpet soft as down, and furniture of the richest material and pattern, set off the proportions of the room to admirable advantage. The dining-room will seat one thousand persons, and possesses the important feature of having the accessory apartments on the same floor. This room connects with a piazza 18 feet wide, where tables are placed for out-door dining at suitable hours.

Former guests at the hotel may remember the Opera House attached. This has been so altered as to secure the finest ball-room in America. Beneath the hotel are a number of stores, which are available in stormy weather by a passage through a spacious corridor at the main staircase.

In addition to the hotel proper, there are also four detached cottages for small families, each containing two parlors and eight sleeping-apartments, bath-room, closets, etc.

The extensive grounds belonging to the hotel are fitted with every apparatus of exercise and pleasure. Stately trees shade the attractive promenades, securing a refreshing coolness by day, and with the aid of innumerable lights, a delightfully romantic spectacle after sunset.

Altogether, the Grand Union may be accepted as the largest and most lavishly-furnished Summer hotel in the world. Every comfort and courtesy of home-life is here guaranteed, and guests may enjoy all desired society or seclusion.

This house will be open for the reception of guests on the 1st of June next.

#### THE GILSEY HOUSE, NEW YORK.

Mr. Peter Gilsey will be remembered as the person who erected the first iron building in New York city, and an evidence of the wonderful progress made by architects in the use of this material may be seen by comparing the Gilsey block to innumerable buildings of more recent construction. The crowning labor of this gentleman is the attractive hotel located on the corner of Broadway and Twenty-ninth Street, bearing his name.

The hotel was opened to the public on the 15th of April, 1871, and became at once a popular resort for transient guests and small families. It is conducted strictly on the European plan, and is a marvel of beauty and luxury in every department. Eight stories in height, containing three hundred apartments, with one hundred bath-rooms, a thorough heating apparatus, and a most effective method of ventilation, it possesses every requisite of a first-class hotel, as well as the latest improvements that insure the comfort of the guests.

The ladies' parlors—of which there are three—are elegantly furnished, and exhibit the finest specimens of fresco art. The floors are covered with Axminster carpets, made in Europe to fit the rooms, at a cost of \$1,000 each. The entire hallway of the parlor-floor is very wide, affording a retired promenade for ladies and children. The halls are covered with velvet carpet, and the stairs with a fine scarlet Wilton. A view of the grand stairway from an upper floor reminds the visitor strongly of a European palace. The fresco-work represents the Etruscan order, is warm in tone, and, without being in the least gaudy, delicate and harmonious. Above the stairs is a large mellow painting of "Heralding the Approach of the Morning." The one style of decoration prevails in all the apartments, public and private; but instead of a monotony of color, one finds agreeable relief in the appropriateness to the different rooms. The vestibule will almost contain a full-sized house, and is liberally furnished.

Both the Grand Union, at Saratoga, and the Gilsey House, at New York, are under the management of Messrs. Breslin, Gardner & Co., who have long been known to the visitors at our watering-places. Mr. Breslin was identified with Congress Hall, Saratoga, for over fifteen years, and is a thorough master of the duties of host. Mr. Gardner was connected with the New York Hotel for twelve years; he is one of the proprietors of the West End, at Long Branch, and opened the Stockton Hotel, at Cape May, N. J.

These gentlemen give their individual attention to their guests, and considering the comfort and beauty of their hotels, deserve the highest success. We may add, since it is customary to have large bands at the watering-places, that Messrs. Breslin, Gardner & Co. have secured Moltenauer's orchestra, of Booth's Theatre, for the season, this being the first time the band has accepted such an offer.

The proprietorship of these two great hotels being vested in the same managers, affords a great convenience to the traveling public, by enabling them to secure rooms at either hotel by application at the office of the other.

#### THE INTERNATIONAL BOAT RACE.

##### THE LONDON CREW.

WHEN we published the portraits of the Atlanta crew, a few weeks since, we were unable to give those of the London four, as our special correspondent advised us that it was by no means certain if two of the then named men would row; however, the last mail brought us full particulars, and portraits of the crew, which we have inserted in this number.

It will be seen that the names are those which were first announced by cable, and, in our judgment, the committee have acted wisely in deciding to retain "the old four" intact.

The London Rowing Club is not, as is generally supposed in this country, composed of all past University men, although many of its members were educated at Oxford or Cambridge. Mr. F. S. Gulston, the captain, being one of the latter. It is an association of gentleman amateurs, nearly all of whom are solicitors, doctors, or merchants of the city of London. It was organized in 1856, at present numbers about four hundred and twenty members, and is justly regarded as the leading metropolitan boat club. There is an erroneous idea prevalent that the University crews are the best that appear on the Thames, but statistics show that this reputation is due to the London Rowing Club.

Its President, James Layton, Esq., is a hale, genial gentleman, about seventy-four years of age, and may well be termed "The Father" of the club.

In his time he has been one of the most celebrated oarsmen in England, and even now looks as if he could lead some of his juniors in a race. It was this club which so hospitably entertained the Harvard crew in 1869. The Vice-President is H. H. Playford, Esq., a well-known amateur oarsman.

The names of the four who are to row against the Atlanta are as follows:

	Lbs.
George Ryan, bow	159
F. S. Gulston, 2	163
Albert De Laude Long, 3	163
William Stout, stroke	168

They are a most formidable crew, and, without doubt, the best amateur four in England. They hold the Steward's Cup from Henley, which they carried off from the old Etonians, Benson, Yarborough, Wigan, and Woodhouse, and in 1868 they beat four University men—namely, Wood, Tinné, Bowman and Hall. They have won prizes at all the principal regattas in the kingdom, including Henley, Kingston, King's Lynn, Walton, Barnes, Mortlake, Pangbourne, and White Church. Stout and Gulston won the Pairs at Henley, in 1869, and Long and Gulston carried off the same prize last year. Stout has been the amateur champion sculler, and carried off the Diamond sculls the same year, while Long was twice champion, but was beaten the third time. It is worthy of notice that three of the four who will start in this race have formed part of the crew who have held the Challenge Cup at the Barnes and Mortlake Regatta for the past six years. The collective number of prizes held by Messrs. Ryan, Gulston, Long, and Stout, is over five hundred.

The members have recently built a commodious club-house at Putney, with ample accommodation for all their boats. Although this association stands at the head of all similar organizations on the Thames, there are many other clubs that can send out formidable crews. The Kingston is next in importance, then the In, Thames, Leander, West London, and North London; to say nothing of the Printers' Club, which this year will send a strong eight, and several fours and pairs, to the various regattas. From Wandsworth to Kingston-on-Thames there is a succession of boat-houses, and on Saturday afternoon the surface of the river is alive with boats from the various clubs. Boating is something more than a pastime with many of the men, and it is very amusing to watch the frantic efforts of some of the juniors.

GEORGE RYAN, the bow, is one of the oldest members of the club, and a most successful rowing man. He is a city merchant, and has been an oarsman from boyhood. In point of physique he is superb, and looks as if he could do almost anything without much effort. This is his last active year upon the river; and after the International Race he will row at the Henley Regatta. He is one of the club committee, Hon. Secretary of the balls, and is deservedly a popular member.

F. S. GULSTON, No. 2, is Captain of the club, and in this race will steer his boat by an apparatus of his own invention, which possesses the merit of greater simplicity than our American plan, or Taylor's English patent. He is finely developed, and has rowed some splendid races. He was chosen captain of the club by unanimous vote, and is exceedingly popular. His face indicates great determination; and when he is racing, is a study. He is good, as an oarsman, for many years to come, and will probably row in a single scull-race, at Henley, against Ed Smith, of the Atlantans.

ALBERT DE LAUDE LONG, No. 3, is tall, and when in mufit, beyond being a handsome, well-formed man, has nothing particular in his appearance; but stripped for rowing, exhibits wonderful muscular development. He has carried off a great number of prizes, and is likely to win many more. It was for some time a matter of doubt whether he would be able to row in this race, but he finally agreed—the difficulty being his living in the North of England, at a place where it is almost impossible for him to find a stream large enough to practice upon. This matter has been overcome, and he will be in the boat on June 10th.

WILLIAM STOUT, the stroke, is a finished oarsman, and undoubtedly the best man in the boat. He has a clear blue eye, bronzed cheek, and the contented expression of a man who is in perfect health and spirits. He was a long time in China, where he beat everybody who

rowed against him. Without doubt Mr. Stout is the Samson of the L. R. C.

The spare men of the club are Messrs. Routh and Smith, who both have a good rowing pedigree.

It is of course a plucky thing for the Atlantans to cross the water and try their strength against such a crew as this four, but it is by no means certain that the Londoners will win the race; and if good wishes will avail our enterprising countrymen, the Englishmen will not lead when the boats arrive at Mortlake, on June the 10th.

When the Atlantans arrived in England they were met at Liverpool by Messrs. James Layton, the President; Herbert H. Playford, the Vice-President; and F. S. Gulston, the Captain, and many prominent members of the L. R. C., who entertained them in true English style, and conducted them to Putney. Our men are all in excellent health, and have created quite a favorable sensation in English aquatic circles.

It will be strange indeed if a crew from one of our smaller clubs should carry off the laurel wreath from the crack four of the Old World; but we must remember that in the international contests which have taken place between Americans and Englishmen, the latter have not "had it all their own way." The issue of this race will be a much more even one than many imagine; and once more we echo the wish, "may the best men win."

#### SCIENTIFIC.

THE Agricultural Society of France offers a prize of 2,000 francs and a medal for the best memoir "On the Theory and Practice of Irrigation." The papers are to be sent to the Secretary before the end of this year.

AMMONIA has been used for some years in the manufacture of ice. We are now informed that it is to be employed instead of steam in producing the power by which street locomotives are to be driven. Dr. Lamm, of New Orleans, has, it is said, successfully propelled a street-car for seven miles by the use of ammoniacal vapor.

The Atlantic Cables of 1865 and 1866 show a considerable decrease in their insulation, although not to such an extent as to interfere with their use for the transmission of messages. This is, however, a matter of considerable moment, and the directors of the Anglo-American Telegraph Company have adopted the best means for ascertaining the exact condition of those cables.

An ingenious arrangement by which copies of messages sent by telegraph can be left at different stations along the line of transmission, is the invention of Mr. Little, of New Jersey. By means of a rheostat at each station, the current is divided, one portion passing onward by the wire, the other portion doing its work and passing to the earth. The telegraph employed belongs to the printing variety.

The mania for big, not great, exhibitions, has not yet abated, in England or elsewhere; but it is a good sign that a considerable number of moderately ambitious, and especially local, gatherings are in vogue on the Continent. Thus we hear that the "Société des Aquarellistes Belges" will open its annual exhibition at Brussels in April next; and the "Exposition des Beaux-Arts," at the Hague, will begin on May 13th; the Artistic, Industrial, and Agricultural Exhibition of Spain, Portugal, and the colonies of those nations, will be opened at Oporto on August 1st.

TEA and coffee are threatened with a Brazilian rival, called guarana. Guarana consists of the seeds of a tree known to botanists as the *Paulinias sorbita*, which is very abundant. The tree produces a fruit about the size of a walnut, containing five or six seeds. The seeds are roasted, mixed with water and dried. Before being used they require grinding, when they fall into a kind of powder. The active principle is an alkaloid identical with that found in tea or coffee, but there is twice as much of it in guarana as there is in tea. The effects are similar to those of tea and coffee.

THAT science is not above giving its attention to little things, is shown in *Le Moniteur Scientifique Quesnerville* for March, in which Dr. Quesnerville desires to save our linen from the destructive effects of soda and other washing-powders, by recommending the following mixture: Two pounds of soap are dissolved in five and a half gallons of nearly boiling water, and to this is added three large tablespoonfuls of ammonia and one of spirits of turpentine. In this the linen is to be soaked for three hours, when it is readily cleansed, requiring but little rubbing. Ammonia does not affect linen or woollen fibre as soda does.

DR. HOY, in a paper read before the Wisconsin Academy of Sciences, Arts, and Letters, remarks, in reference to the mammals of Wisconsin, that the elk existed in that State as late as 1863, but is now probably extinct. The moose is still found in considerable numbers. The last buffalo was killed in 1832. Antelopes were also found in Wisconsin in the time of Father Hennepin, although now, of course, driven far to the West. Most of the wild animals are diminishing very rapidly in number, the panther and deer being almost exterminated. The otter and beaver, however, are very persistent. The last wild turkey was killed in 1846 near Racine.

AMONG the losses to science through the destruction of the Chicago Academy of Sciences were 2,000 mammals, 30 mounted skeletons, including two mastodons, an African elephant, sea-otter, elephant seal, etc., 10,000 birds, 1,000 nests of eggs, and a great quantity of eggs without nests, 1,000 reptiles, 5,000 fishes, including many large sharks and rays, 15,000 species of insects and other articulates, 5,000 species of shells, with immense numbers of duplicates, 1,000 jars of mollusks in alcohol, 3,000 jars or "lots" of radiates, including several hundred corals, 8,000 species of plants, 15,000 specimens of fossils, and 4,000 minerals. In Archaeology there were about 1,000 specimens, all American; and the Ethnological collection embraced a very fine series of the clothing and implements of the Esquimaux of Anderson River, collected by Robert Kenicott and his Arctic friends, and presented by the Smithsonian Institution. The Academy desires to announce that, although now laid prostrate by the terrible disaster it has suffered, it will soon rise to refill its place among its sister institutions.

#### PERSONAL AND GENERAL.

GAVAZZI is sixty-four.

VERDI is in poor health, and goes to Egypt. MARSHAL BAZAINE has surrendered himself for trial.

REV. DR. VINTON, of Trinity Church, is improving in health.

THE Atlantans are much praised by English boatmen.

EMPEROR WILLIAM will soon go to Eme to drink of its waters.

THE Indians of La Estrella, Costa Rica, have assassinated their King.

HON. GEORGE P. MARSH, American Minister to Italy, is seriously ill in Rome.

GOVERNOR REED, of Florida, has been acquitted by the Court of Impeachment.

THE Sultan starts this month on a visit to the Emperors of Russia and Austria.

GENERAL SHERIDAN is to receive a decoration from the Czar for his courtesy to Alexis.

SICARD, the assassin of the Archbishop of Paris, is reported to have died in jail at Versailles.

THE President and Treasurer of the International Society of Copenhagen have been arrested.

PRINCE KAMEHAMEHA, of the Sanwich Islands, is on his way to Utica, to attend the Jesuit College.

THE President makes another bid for popularity by insisting that the Eight-hour Law must be enforced.

AND NOW we shall have fun. Victoria Woodhull is to run against honest Greeley for the Presidency.

THE King of Denmark offers a prize of \$1,000 for the best history of the United States since the civil war.

GENERAL MORTONES, who defeated the forces under Don Carlos at Oroquieta, has been gazetted a lieutenant-general.

THE members of the Japanese Embassy are pretty well scattered about the country, studying its institutions.

PRINCE BISMARCK retires to his estate, and will abstain from active participation in political affairs for several months.

M. LEBRUN, the French Minister of Education, has named his three daughters "Jemappes," "Civilization," and "Republic."

MARSHAL SERRANO shoots all the insurrectionists he captures from the Spanish army to the cause of Don Carlos.

DR. JOSEPH DWENGOR, the new Bishop of Fort Wayne, is 35 years old, and the youngest man wearing the mitre in this country.

MISS NELLIE GRANT has been presented to Queen Victoria. It was not done by the President, her father. He never gives anything away.

THE positions of Port Admiral and Commandant of the Brooklyn Navy Yard have been consolidated, and Vice-Admiral Rowan takes charge.

WISCONSIN papers complain of a man who was mean enough to elope with the only schoolteacher in Green Bay, thus shutting up the school.

THE bronze medal presented to Cyrus W. Field by Congress, which has been missing for several years, was found in a pawnbroker's shop recently.

THE English papers have ceased dealing with the Tichborne claimant, and admit that his case is "rising almost to its former dignity and interest."

A CENSUS has just been taken of the members of Brigham Young's family, which returns him 68 children, of whom 40 are females. His wives number 22.

THE American Medical Association at Philadelphia has resolved that its members should discourage the use of alcohol as a stimulus in their remedies.

FEURBACH, the German philosopher and Republican, who is suffering from ill-health, has received \$1,000 through Karl Blind, from his admirers in England.

THE next regatta of the Rowing Association of American Colleges is to be held on the Connecticut River, opposite Springfield, Mass., on the 23d of July next.

AT the annual banquet of the Royal Literary Fund in London, May 8th, the King of the Belgians presided, and the Hon. J. V. L. Pruyne, of New York, responded to a toast.

IN Berlin the lovers of the fine arts are in ecstasies over the discovery of a very fine painting of Titian, "The Betrothal of St. Catherine." It is in the possession of a wealthy Jew.

THE French Patriotic Ladies' Committee of New York has received additional subscriptions, amounting to \$1,567.52, in aid of the French Indemnity Fund, making a total of \$28,771.40.

PROMABLY the longest bridge in the world is on the Mobile and Montgomery Railroad, between Tensas Station and Mobile. It rests on iron cylinders, has ten draws and is fifteen miles in length.



DR. D. G. DODGE, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE NEW YORK STATE INEBRIATE ASYLUM AT BINGHAMTON.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY CHURCHILL.

#### THE CURE OF INEBRIATES.

THE treatment of inebriation as a disease, often susceptible of cure, is a purely American development of medical science combined with devoted philanthropy. The success of the methods adopted here, after an experience of eighteen years of practical application, has attracted the attention of Europe, and, with a graceful appreciation of the decided superiority of American ideas upon this subject, the Old World has applied to the New for the aid of experts to devise measures for the cure of this widespread evil, which, heretofore blindly condemned as a crime, is beginning to be recognized in other countries, as it is universally deemed by the medical fraternity of the United States, as more frequently a disease transmitted by hereditary taint, more or less remote, or the result of physical causes which can be overcome.

To Dr. Dalrymple, a wealthy and benevolent Member of Parliament, belongs the honor of urging upon the British Government the duty and necessity of a national effort for the reclamation of inebriates. In pursuance of this purpose, he visited the United States last Summer, and made a thorough examination of our inebriate asylums. The result of his investigations impressed him so strongly with a conviction of the superiority of the American institutions, that he requested the American Association for the Cure of Inebriates to suggest the names of "at least two of the most competent and best-informed of those who are conversant with these institutions" to "come to England and give evidence before the committee of the House of Commons." In accordance with this request, the Association designated Dr. D. G. Dodge, Superintendent of the New York State Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, and Secretary of the American Association, and Dr. Joseph Parrish, President of the Sanitarium at Media, Pa., and President of the American Association.

On his return to England, Dr. Dalrymple took the earliest opportunity to bring the matter before the House of Com-

mons; and in a few weeks letters were received from London, requesting the appearance of the gentlemen named before "a select committee of the House of Commons appointed to consider the best plan for the control and management of habitual drunkards."

Dr. Dodge is a native of Pembroke, N. H., and is forty-seven years of age. He is a graduate of the Albany (N. Y.) Medical College, and has been advanced to leading positions in various medical and scientific associations. He was appointed Superintendent of the N. Y. State Inebriate Asylum at Binghamton, May 10th, 1870.

Dr. Joseph Parrish, the associate, was born in Philadelphia, and is about fifty years of age. In 1856 he became Superintendent of the Pennsylvania Training School for Feeble-minded Children. In 1866 he was made President of the Citizens' Association of Pennsylvania. He served in the Sanitary Commission during the war, and at its close established a Sanitarium for Inebriates at Media, 14 miles from Philadelphia.

Selected by a body of experts as their representative men, these gentlemen will appear before the British House of Commons not merely as the exponents of a theory, but as the living witnesses of what can be done, by the proof of what they have done; and their presence in England cannot fail to have a doubly good effect in pointing out practicable modes of relieving human suffering, and drawing tighter the bonds of international philanthropy.

#### GENERAL MACADARAS.

GENERAL JAMES MACADARAS, the commander of the Franco-Irish Brigade in the late European war, is a native of Ireland. He went to France at an early age, and has since been identified with the army, serving through the Indian and other campaigns with distinction. He has been honored with complimentary citations in general orders of the army, and numerous decorations. He is a good linguist, and has proven a thorough and brave soldier on many fields of action.



GENERAL JAMES MACADARAS, COMMANDER OF THE FRANCO-IRISH BRIGADE IN THE LATE FRENCH AND GERMAN WAR.



DR. JOSEPH PARRISH, SUPERINTENDENT OF THE PENNSYLVANIA SANITARIUM FOR INEBRIATES AT MEDIA.—FROM A PHOTOGRAPH BY WENDEROTH, TAYLOR & BROWN.

#### NIBLO'S GARDEN IN RUINS.

A quarter to eight o'clock on Monday morning, May 6th, a fire broke out in the dome of Niblo's Garden, that in one hour and twenty minutes completely destroyed the theatre and all the property contained in it. Owing to the inflammable nature of the material within the theatre, the fire made such headway that it was soon found impossible to check it, and the firemen turned their attention to saving the Metropolitan Hotel and the adjoining buildings. The total loss foots up about \$200,000, nearly one-half of which falls on Messrs. Jarrett & Palmer. During the progress of the fire immense crowds collected on Broadway and Crosby Street, and a strong cordon of police was necessary to prevent the operation of countless thieves who flocked about the vicinity. The view from Crosby Street, whence the flames could be seen belching forth, with dense masses of smoke and showers of sparks, was very striking. As many of the actors engaged to perform in "Lalla Rookh," which was to have been produced on the night of the fire, were thus thrown out of employment, two performances were given at the Grand Opera House, on May 8th and 10th, for their benefit, by the leading ladies and gentlemen of the profession in the city.

#### ZANZIBAR.

THIS is Captain Burton's roseate description of the Island of Zanzibar, in his book of the same name:

"Truly prepossessing was our first view of the then mysterious Island of Zanzibar, set off by the dome of distant hills, like solidified air, that form the swelling outline of the Zanzibar coast. Earth, sea, and sky, all seemed wrapped in a soft and sensuous repose, in the tranquil life of the Lotus-eaters, in the swoon-like slumbers of the Seven Sleepers, in the dreams of the Castle of Indolence. The sea of purest sapphire, which had not parted with its blue rays to the atmosphere—a frequent appearance near the equator



NEW YORK CITY.—INTERIOR VIEW OF THE RUINS OF NIBLO'S THEATRE, DESTROYED BY FIRE, MAY 6TH, 1872.





NEW YORK CITY—THE GILSEY HOUSE, CORNER OF BROADWAY AND TWENTY-NINTH STREET.—SEE PAGE 171.

—lay basking, lazy as the tropical man, under a blaze of sunshine which touched every object with a dull burnish of gold. The wave had hardly energy enough to dandle us, or to cream with snowy foam the yellow sand-strip which separated it from the flower-spangled grass, and from the underwood of dark metallic

green. The breath of the ocean would hardly take the trouble to ruffle the fronds of the palm which sprang, like a living column, graceful and luxuriant, high above its subject growths. The bell-shaped convolvulus (*Ipo-moea Maritima*), supported by its juicy bed of greenery, had opened its pink eyes to the light

of day, but was languidly closing them, as though gazing upon the face of heaven were too much of exertion. The island itself seemed over-indolent, and unwilling to rise; it showed no trace of mountain or crag, but all was voluptuous with gentle swellings, with the rounded contours of the girl-negress, and the

brown-red tinge of its warm skin showed through its gauzy attire of green. And over all bent lovingly a dome of glowing azure, reflecting its splendors upon the nether world, whilst every feature was hazy and mellow, as if viewed through 'woven air,' and not through vulgar atmosphere."



F. S. GULSTON.



ALBERT DE LAUDE LONG.



GEORGE RYAN.



WILLIAM STOUT.

THE ENGLISH AMATEUR ROWING CHAMPIONS—THE CREW OF THE LONDON ROWING CLUB.  
FROM PHOTOGRAPHS BY SIR AUBSEY PAUL, BART.—SEE PAGE 171.

## FUN FOR THE FAMILY.

UNION JACKS—Sailor friends.  
NEW name for fog—Air apparent.  
POOR gas—"A burning shame."  
A LITTERARY character—A lady pig.  
A SLIPPERY acquaintance—Jack Frost.  
CAN a Jew legally have a Christian name?  
HEIGHT of coolness—Top of Mount Washington.

STRANGER (to a Mormon)—"Are you Saints sealing' many wives now-a-days?" Mormon—"No; we are concealing those we already have."

The local editor of a Peoria paper, who evidently has a good deal of time to idly away, serves his news up after this style:

Barclay O'Kelly, an Irishman born,  
Filled his skin full wid de essence of corn,  
For his heart it was lonely an' sad an' forlorn,  
So he wint an' got basteley dhrunk and laid  
down an' wrapt the sidewall about him,  
an' gev himself up to pleasant dhrames,  
for which Justice Cunningham find him  
\$4.50 this blessed morn.

"LA me!" said Mrs. Partington, "here I have been suffering the bigamies of death for three mortal weeks. First I was seized with a bleeding phrenology in the left hampshire of the brain, which was exceeded by a stoppage of the left ventilator of the heart. This gave me an inflammation in the borax, and now I'm sick with the chloroform morbus. There is no blessing like that of health, particularly when you're ill."

## THE RED RIVER VALLEY OF MINNESOTA.

The Red River section of country on the line of the Northern Pacific Railroad presents remarkable inducements to permanent settlers and to health-seeking tourists, the rich productiveness of the land yielding large returns to the farmer, and the steady, wholesome range of the temperature is of great curative benefit to the invalid. A private letter from a resident for several years at Oak Lake, Minn., gives some interesting facts on the above points, stating, firstly, that the soil is very rich, causing a rapid growth of the crops. For instance, corn planted the 23d of May was dry enough to take from the stalk and grind in September; tomatoes sowed May 3d were ripe August 15th; watermelons were planted and ripened inside of twelve weeks; and potatoes, planted for an experiment on July 4th, grew to one pound's weight. The writer refers to the heavily-timbered portion of the country and the numerous streams for the conveyance of timber to the Red River, and as he settled there before there was any prospect of the Northern Pacific Railroad being built, he knows of no such region for the man of energy or the invalid, according to their respective needs. The yield of hay in that section is from two to five tons per acre; wild fruit, such as plums, strawberries, currants, etc., flourish in great abundance; fish are numerous and excellent; wild fowl and game abound, and herds of moose, elk and deer are met with. The healthfulness of the climate is proved by his experience as a physician for twenty years, and no case of miasmatic disease or pulmonary consumption has originated there, while among the natives born and reared there, functional derangements of the vital organs are less frequent than among the people of any other section of country, showing the benefits in the matter of health by long residence in that climate. Thousands of excursionists, engineers and others employed on the Northern Pacific Railroad, can attest the beneficial effects of the climate in the Red River Valley.

"LADIES' CARS."—It would be well if some of our Avenue Railroad Companies would adopt the action of the Third Avenue Company on a larger scale, and provide cars which might be considered specially "ladies' cars," whereby they might avoid the annoyance of having their elegant costumes crushed and soiled by a promiscuous crowd. This particularly refers to 6th Avenue, which hundreds of ladies daily patronize in their calls to the establishment of B. Altman & Co., 6th Avenue, between 21st and 22d Sts., and whose visits this week will be greatly augmented on account of the rare inducements offered. In the Silk Department a splendid lot of real Lyons gros-grain silks, suited to summer wear, of the finest manufacture, are offered at from \$1.25 to \$3 per yard, and are some of the most attractive bargains presented this season. In the Dress and Suit Department will be found rare inducements to purchasers. The suits are made up after the latest Paris and Berlin fashions, and after B. Altman & Co.'s own designs, and undoubtedly form one of the most extensive, the most elegant and cheapest assortment exhibited in this city. Ribbons, bows, sashes, etc., in choice shades and designs, and fine Guipure, Thread, Cluny, Point Applique and York laces will also be found at unequalled prices. The Ladies' Underclothing Department at this establishment is now extensively recognized as possessing advantages which no other house can assume. Night-robés, chemise, drawers, walking suits, etc., made up in the most elaborate manner, for both ladies and misses, richly trimmed and embroidered, are this week offered at the lowest possible prices, and great reductions have been generally made. In housekeeping goods, ladies will find unlimited inducements in table linen, table napkins, towels, doilies, toweling, Russia crashes, lace tides, Nottingham lace curtains, table and piano-covers, bedding articles, and every article necessary in fitting up house. Every department has been replenished, and reductions generally made since last week, and ladies will do well to pay an early visit of inspection, as many valuable bargains are being closed out.

CHICAGO, Jan. 22, 1872.

F. W. FARWELL, Secretary Babcock Fire Extinguisher Co.:

DEAR SIR—Our experience with the Babcock Fire Extinguisher on this road (we have 230 of the machines) has confirmed our first estimate of it, as a most desirable safeguard. We have saved our buildings repeatedly, and in one or two instances have prevented what we may reasonably suppose would have been large conflagrations.

I cannot too strongly commend them. Their general use would render a fire a rare circumstance.

Yours, truly,  
ROBERT HARRIS,

Gen'l Sup't Chicago, Burlington & Quincy Railroad.

It is always pleasant to acknowledge honest merit, whether in the case of individuals or objects of popular use. It is only catching into one loud voice the echoes that trill from all parts of the country to praise the superior qualities of the pianos made by George Steck & Co., of New York. The desire to save money is laudable, but all should secure the full value of their outlay. The cheapness of an instrument depends last of all on its price, and unless it is durable in make, sweet yet powerful in tone, and easily manipulated, it would be dear at \$50. Steck's pianos combine these features, and their popularity is better proof of their completeness than other praise.

## FACTS FOR THE LADIES.

Miss S. A. DAVIS, Berlin, N. Y., has used Wheeler & Wilson's Lock-Stitch Sewing-Machine 17 years in collar-making; supported herself and an invalid mother, whom she also tended, and has saved over \$2,000; she has been a constant worker by foot-power, and not sick a day. See the new Improvements and Woods' Lock-Stitch Ripper.

THE organ matinées given by Louis Engel at the Union League Theatre, New York, were musical treats of the highest order. The instrument used was manufactured by E. R. Needham & Son, the popular organ-builders, and is a perfect marvel of sweetness. No one was better fitted to exhibit the rare power of the improved organ than Mr. Engel. In fact, it required superior skill, taste and enthusiasm on the part of the performer to develop the many striking features of the instrument. Each was worthy the other.

WM. CORRY & CO., BELFAST, IRELAND.—Ginger Ale—Pure, delicious drink, excellent as a tonic. Under the General Report of Arthur Hill Hassall, M.D., of London, the author of "Food and its Adulterations," he states of this Ginger Ale: "In particular, it proved free from sophistication, either by means of sulphuric acid or potassium acid tartrate, which are the usual adulterations of Ginger Beer, and it is thus a really genuine and trustworthy article." Crane & Co., 190 Fulton Street, are the sole agents for the United States.

OMAHA LEGAL ENTERPRISE.—\$150,000 in 3,000 Cash Prizes will positively be drawn in open public, May 30th, in aid of the Mercy Hospital at Omaha. Indorsed by the Governor and State authorities. Tickets \$3 each, or two for \$5. Last chance. Address, Pattee & Gardner, Omaha, Nebraska, or Pattee & Co., real estate agents, 114 Broadway, New York City.

SUPER parties can be accommodated at the *Maison Dorée*, corner of Broadway and Fourteenth Street, near Union Square. It is patronized by the élite of the fashion and the respectability of New York. If desired, parties of four or more can have a room to themselves. It is also the very place for ladies who have been out shopping to call and take a little luncheon in.

HOLLOWAY'S PILLS AND OINTMENT are the only medicinal preparations necessary in families. The pills regulate all the internal organs with unerring certainty; the Ointment is a positive antidote to all external diseases. Sold 78 Maiden Lane, N. Y. Price, 25 cents per box or pot. Ask for new style; the old is counterfeited.

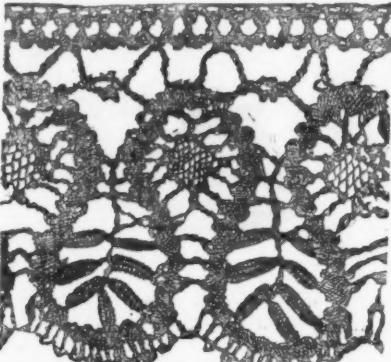
DELICATE CREATURES.—There is a healthful and odoriferous toilet article, known everywhere as HAGAN'S MAGNOLIA BALM, which literally transfigures a cloudy or sallow skin, softening the discolored face, neck, arms and bosom with a soft, pearly tinge, and imparting to the surface a smoothness and a gloss like that of polished marble.

JOSEPH HOOVER, publisher of the finest chromos, respectfully calls the attention of the trade to his large and varied assortment of Foreign and American Chromos. No. 1,117 Chestnut Street, Philadelphia, Pa.

E. & H. T. ANTHONY & CO., 591 BROADWAY, N. Y., opposite Metropolitan Hotel. Chromos and Frames, Stereoscopes and Views, Graphoscopes, Albinis and Celebrities, Photo-Lantern Slides, and Photographic Materials.

The new Colonnade Hotel, Philadelphia, Pa., is in the vicinity of several PRESBYTERIAN Churches.

"BURNETT'S TOILET PREPARATIONS will speak or themselves."—Charleston Mercury.



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NOW ON HAND, THE LARGEST ASSORTMENT OF REAL GUIPURE LACE ever exhibited at any one establishment.

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The trade supplied at less than downtown wholesale prices.

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Elegant Patterns, full 2 inches wide, at from 60c. to 70c.; worth fully 40 per cent. more.

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Elegant Patterns, full 4 inches wide, at \$1.2.; sold all over at \$1.75 and \$2.

Together with an Elegant Assortment, from 4 to 9 inches wide, at from \$1.50 to \$5 per yd.; guaranteed to be at least 40 per cent. under regular retail prices. Samples sent free by mail on application.

Orders by mail receive especial attention. Bargains in Fine Silk Gimp, Fringes, Embroideries, Ladies' Undergarments, Parasols, and everything pertaining to the Millinery Goods, Fancy Goods line, etc., etc., etc.

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FINEST ASSORTMENT OF BONNET RIBBONS in the city, Nos. 4, 5, 7, 9, 12, 16 and 22, newest shades.

GREAT REDUCTION IN PRICES OF SASH RIBBONS.

100 cartons 7-inch, 85c., all colors. 50 cartons Fancy Plaids, 60c., 75c., 85c. 7-inch Black Gros-Grain, \$1. \$1.10, \$1.25.

7-inch Black Sash Ribbons, 75c.; warranted all silk. 7-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 85c.; sold on Broadway for \$1.25. 6½-inch Sash Ribbons, in all shades, 85c.; warranted all silk.

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Twenty cases Finest French Flowers, Wreaths, Head-dresses, and Feathers in all Novelties.

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200 doz. Lupin's two-button Kid Gloves, \$1. 500 doz. Lupin's two-buttons, \$1.25; worth \$1.75.

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The distinguished Violinist and Pianist;  
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Three concerts each three first days, the last day  
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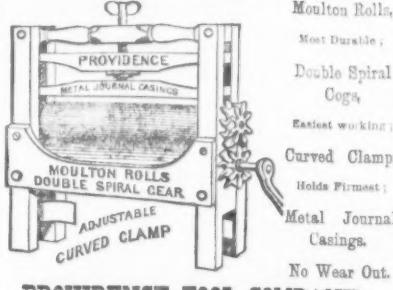
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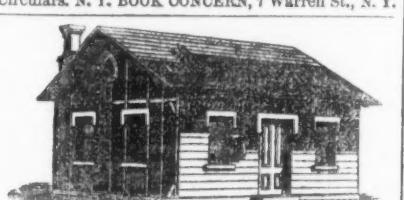
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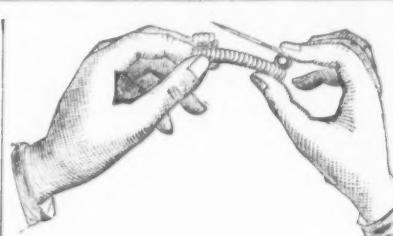
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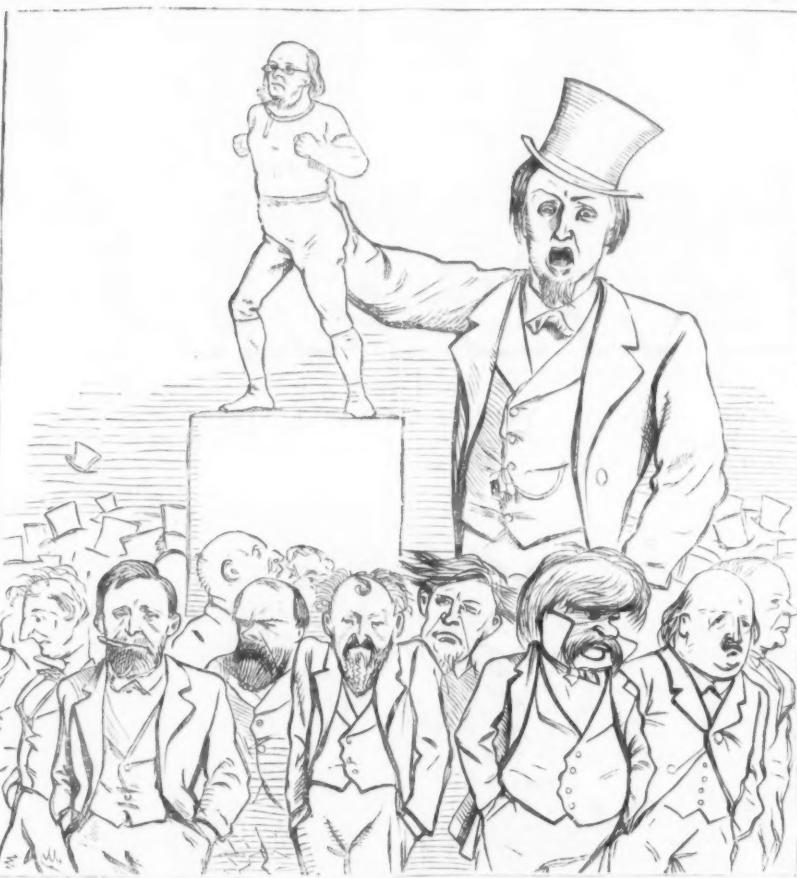
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